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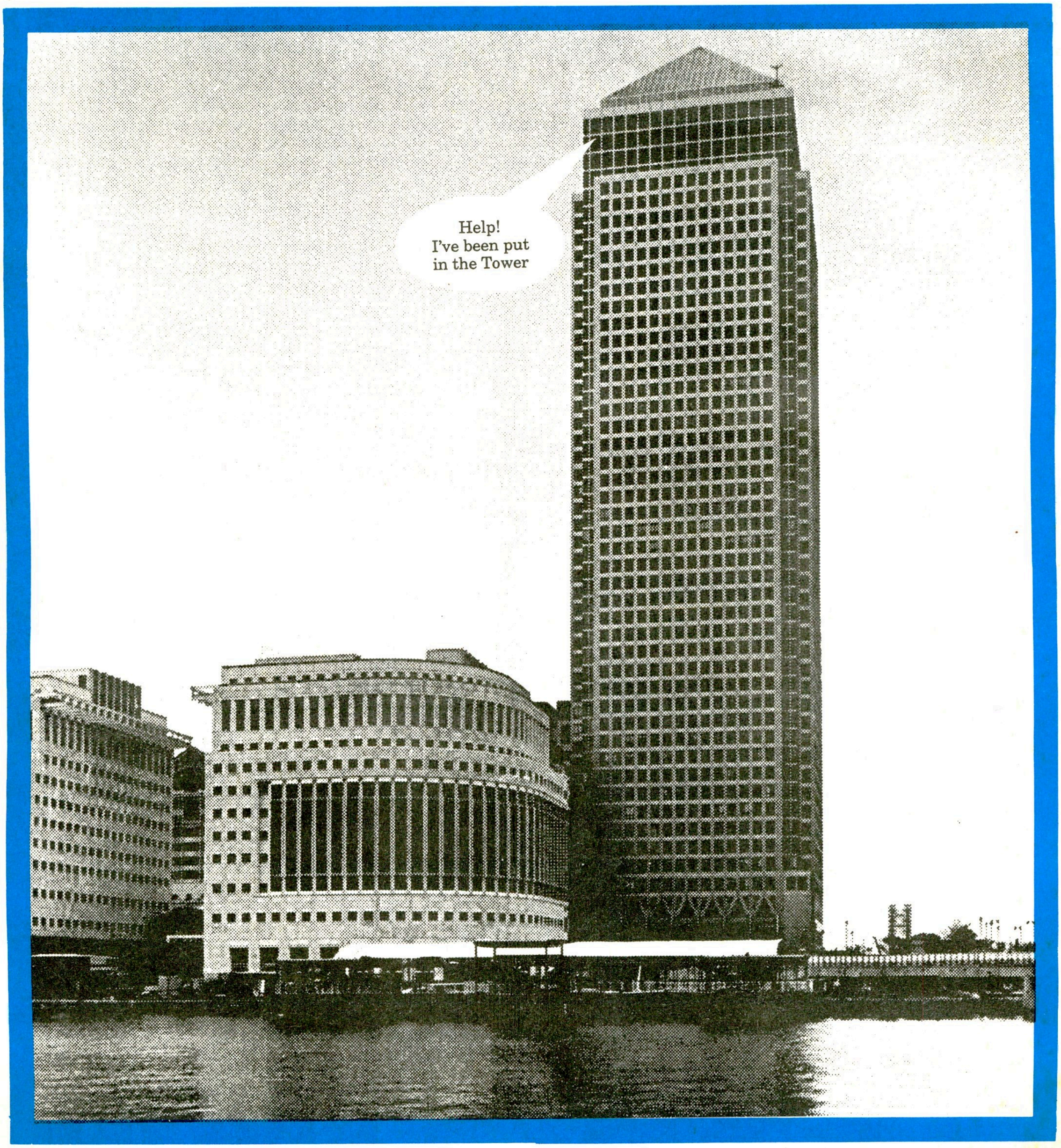

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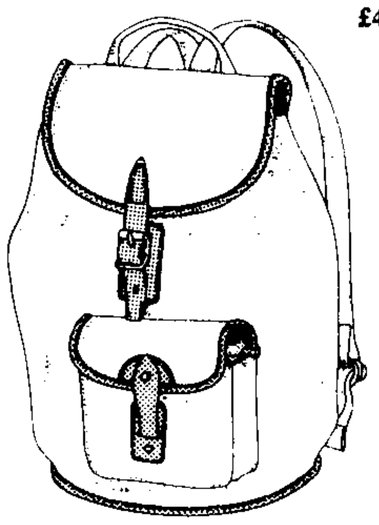

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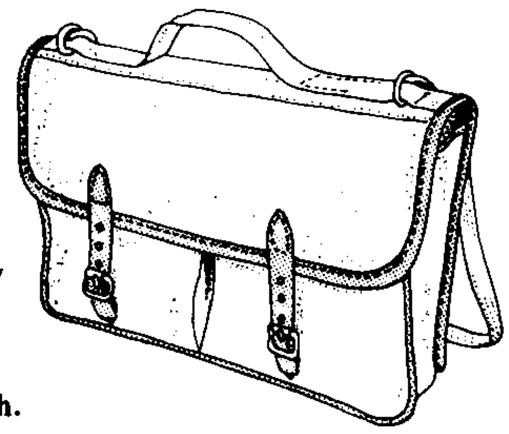

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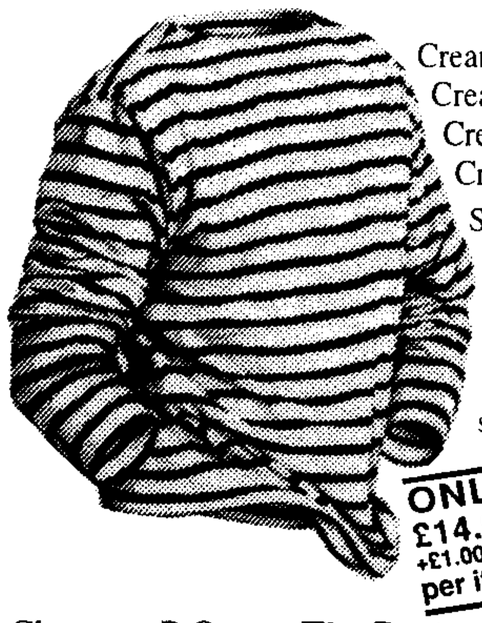

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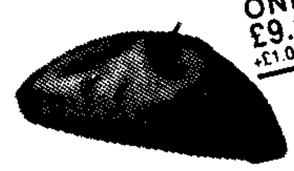

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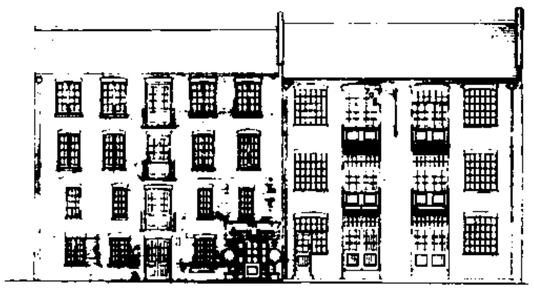

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Gnome

THERE is a peculiarly unattractive quality about the British and that is their loathing of success. To achieve greatness is somehow unacceptable in this country and there is nothing the small-minded enjoy more than knocking those who have committed the cardinal sin of creating prosperity.

This deplorable syndrome has reached its height in the current display of malice unleashed upon the developers of Canary Wharf.

Merely because the international firm of Olympia & York are having financial problems, the whole of the media has decided to write them off. Their vision, far-sightedness, genius and courage has been forgotten as their carping critics rush to trample them underfoot.

There will be none of that attitude here at the *Daily Gnomegraph*. O&Y retain our trust, and deserve the generosity of spirit that believes in them and the future of Canary Wharf.

E. Strobes
(Editor *The Daily Gnomegraph*)
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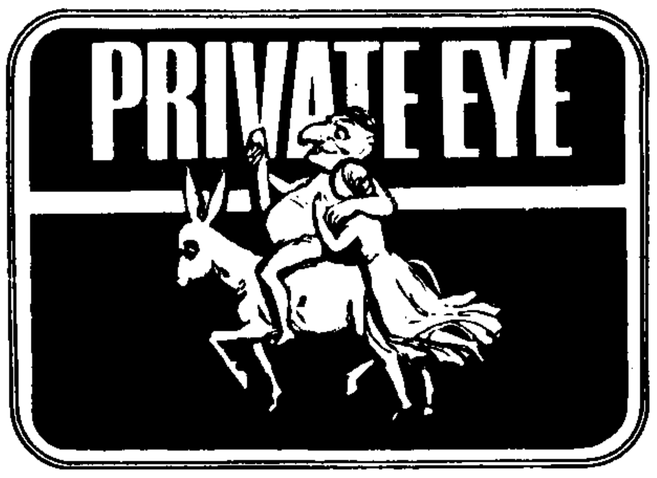


COLOUR SECTION

THE fantastic vendetta conducted by the Murdoch press against Carmen Proetta, a witness to the SAS shooting of three unarmed IRA members in Gibraltar in 1988, has reached a new low.

Last Sunday the *News of the World* produced lurid allegations that Mrs Proetta took money to provide fake passports, and the allegations were copied out by the *Sunday Times*. The *News of the World* story reads oddly and its details will be fully investigated in the weeks ahead. For the moment it is worth recalling the following:

● The press smear campaign against Proetta, led off by British intelligence agents, originally alleged she was a "tart" and a director of an escort agency. This was wholly untrue and the newspapers (including the *Sunday Times*) had to grovel and pay out hundreds of thousands of pounds in damages and costs.

● Whoever may fake passports, the *Sunday Times*, in the course of its vendetta, did fake the reports from Gibraltar of its own reporters (see the letters of Rosie Waterhouse and Barrie Penrose reproduced in the *Eye* special *Rock Bottom* in February 1989).

● The testimony of convicted let alone alleged criminals is something the *Sunday Times* has been prepared to trust and pay for handsomely in the past. During its libel action with Carmen Proetta, Alastair Brett, the *Sunset* lawyer, was rebuked by the court for paying £2,000 to the family of Joseph Wilkins, a drug smuggler, in return for a statement about Carmen Proetta. Strangely, the paper forgot to mention this in its long, self-serving rant last Sunday.

● Whether or not someone is prepared to accept money for a faked passport has very little bearing on whether or not they tell the truth about an incident which had nothing to do with passports and which Mrs Proetta saw with her own eyes. She did not come forward as a witness, but only told Thames TV what she had seen when approached by their researchers.

● Mrs Proetta was not the only witness to suggest the three people were shot in cold blood. Her evidence fitted that of three other witnesses whose story added up to the same conclusion. These three have also been relentlessly pursued by the *Sunday Times*. One of them, Stephen Bullock, was for a time suspected by the newspapers of being an IRA supporter on the grounds that he had been a student at a university in Dublin.

● In the finest tradition of modern investigative journalism, the *Sunday Times* has dealt with the Gibraltar affair not by investigating what happened, but by smearing witnesses who told a different story from that of MI5 and the British Government.

THE Saudi Arabians do manage to bring out the very worst in the British.

The recent flurry of activity concerning "kickbacks" to the Saudi princes and their hangers-on over the huge al Yamamah arms project is not new. Regular *Eye* readers will already know about British Aerospace's policy of raising the price Saudi Arabia pays by 40 percent in order to cover "commissions" to individual Saudis. They will know that this tactic of greasing Arab palms with Arab money is internationally admired.

However, Lt Colonel Dooley, a United States officer and sub-contractor, claims he has been ripped off and has made sworn statements fingering Mark Thatcher and various Saudi princes as part of the gravy train. He should have been an *Eye* reader: then he would have known that as a mere sub-contractor he could only levy 1 percent — small beer when 40 percent is at stake.

Meanwhile, Prince Khalid bin Sultan, the commander of Saudi land forces in the Gulf war, has been sacked. The reason has not been publicised, but it involves Armscor of South Africa, the government-owned arms manufacturer.

Armscor dealt with an Egyptian called Sabri, the son of a former prime minister, and it was he who brokered Armscor deals throughout the Middle East. Mark Thatcher, another son of a former prime minister, and Wafic Said, the fixer, told Armscor that they could arrange to sell the company's G.6 howitzer to the Saudis if the agency were moved to Prince Khalid, Khalid and Wafic being very close.

Such blatant fixing was even too much by Saudi standards: Sabri kicked up a fuss and Armscor was given the boot. The South African company is now trying to deal direct with Khalid's father, Prince Sultan, the Saudi defence minister.

Meanwhile, Kamal Adham, former Saudi spook, BCCI fixer and international fugitive, has slipped in and out of this country again.

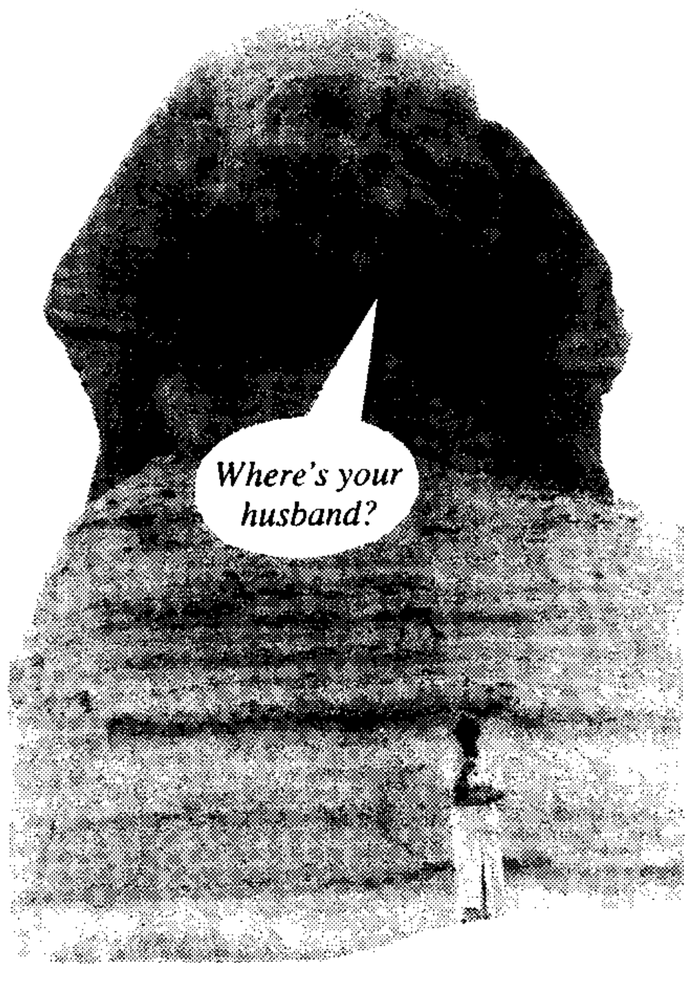
We reported recently that he flew into Manchester airport without let or hindrance from customs or immigration officials. This time he flew in and out of Stanstead in his own aircraft, KA-3, but under the protection of our own intelligence services.

But New Scotland Yard got wind of the visit and arranged to raid his flat in Grosvenor Square. Tipped off by his minders from MI6, he was diverted while returning from an appointment in the City and went straight to Stanstead. His pilot having been forewarned, he took off in great haste, heading for Cairo where his son runs the family arms business.

AN entertaining rumpus is expected at the AGM of Guinness plc next Wednesday when it is revealed that — as predicted some weeks ago in *Eye* 787 — the company has agreed to pay a pension to convicted fraudster "Deadly" Ernest Saunders, whose recovery from senile dementia has caused such rejoicing.

The sum concerned is not unadjacent to £85,000 a year.

RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX



STREET OF SHAME

ROY GREENSLADE has just received a solicitor's letter complaining about a reference in his recently published book, *Maxwell's Fall*.

It concerns an incident in November 1989 when the *Daily Mirror* published a cartoon by its regular cartoonist, Charles Griffin, in which was concealed in miniature writing the message "Fuck Maxwell".

An inquiry was instituted by Cap'n Bob's securitate to find the culprit, and a handwriting expert's report pointed the finger at Griffin, who nonetheless denied responsibility. The matter was forgotten until now, with Greenslade declaring on page 99: "I am glad to reveal that, as I suspected, Griffin was indeed the offender. Such was life under Maxwell at the *Mirror*... this schoolboy prank seems, on reflection, entirely understandable and admirable."

Griffin, however, is indignant. He still denies that he wrote the message and has resorted to libel solicitors Wright Webb Syrett, known in the business as Wright, Olde and Crooke, in order to sue Greenslade for damages. Griffin's complaint is that Greenslade has called him a liar, though if he did lie it was evidently a lie of negligible proportions and a piece of schoolboy mischief, as Greenslade suggested.

The suggestion that Griffin wrote the rude message, far from bringing him into disrepute is likely to elevate him in the estimation of right-thinking persons. Of course, if he did not write the words concerned, there is another explanation of his conduct which is far more defamatory — that he was a cringeing, spineless toady who did not have the courage to thumb his nose, however sneakily, at the odious Cap'n.

SIMMERING discontent among *Observer* hacks has come to a boil following Donald "Pixie" Trelford's announcement that 10 per cent of them will have to take "voluntary redundancy" as part of a huge cost-cutting programme. Why, they wonder, does he not make the most obvious cut of all — and make himself redundant?

Nor has morale been improved by the appointment of Simon Kelner, Trelford's favourite *protegé*, as the new editor of the *Observer* magazine. Kelner, a laddish, lecherous, hard-drinking, hard-eating northerner, is at present the paper's sports editor; indeed his entire journalistic career to date has been spent on sports desks. When the top job at the colour supplement became vacant last month, one of his colleagues in the sports department told him: "You gotta go for that, Simon — it's wall-to-wall pussy on the magazine." Kelner duly went for it and, incredibly, got it. He is now known as "Mr Wall to Wall".

But he will not be starting work just yet. First he is to go on an all-expenses-paid jaunt to the US where he will "learn about magazines" — ie buy a few copies of *Vanity Fair*, something he could equally well do by venturing into his local W. H. Smith. Then he will have an all-expenses-paid trip to Barcelona for the Olympics. After that he may take a summer holiday. Only then, rested and refreshed, will he move in to his office in the pussy sector.

COLONEL Gadaffi is mighty pleased with the *Observer*'s *arslikhan* attitude towards his eccentric regime. At the end of April, Donald "Busy" Trelford wrote a leader condemning the BBC's John Simpson for making jokes about Gadaffi on the Ruby Wax show; he also criticised Kate Adie for not showing enough respect for her hosts in Tripoli. Oddly, Donald forgot to mention that the *Observer*'s owner, Tiny Rowland, is now a business partner of the mad colonel.

The following week Trelford rectified this by publishing Tiny Rowland's bizarre article on WHY I AM DOING BUSINESS WITH GADAFY, which claimed, *inter alia*, that Sir Alec Douglas-Home was the British prime minister in 1971. Why was this howler not spotted in time? Because, presumably through embarrassment, Trelford would not allow any sub-editor to see the article before it was printed.

CRETINOUS schizophrenia erupted at at the *Daily Star* when the rag tried to report the death of Marlene Dietrich.

First it juiced up sub-normal readers with a shock-horror "booze hell" story about how Dietrich kicked off her day at 6am with scotch before moving on to vintage champagne: "The bed-ridden film star would pass out mid-morning in an alcoholic stupor," it tut-tutted tragically.

Then, with even more hypocrisy than usual, the same paper's kindergarten editorial had a go at... all those who had been having a go at Dietrich for drinking. "Film goddess Marlene Dietrich is not yet in her grave yet already her closest associates are knocking her. She has been an alcoholic for years, they say... SO WHAT?"

STAFFORD HILDRED, the *Daily Star*'s freelance TV critic, recently became bored sitting in his Warwickshire home and so rejoined the paper's staff as television editor.

However, after only three days in Brian "Mussolini" Hitchen's bunker, he retreated back to Warwickshire. One of Hitchen's toadies retaliated with a front page puff for Hildred's column which consisted of an unflattering mugshot accompanied by the words: "An over-size ego... little talent... Read Stafford Hildred, Page Nine."

WHEN the *Sunday Times* gets hot under the collar about other journalists' investigative records, it is worth remembering the million pounds Andrew Neill had to fork out to settle with socialist millionaire Owen Oyston.

The magazine *Esquire* recently ran a long article concerning the "dirty tricks" campaign that various Tory MPs conducted against Oyston, and the *Sunday Times*'s role in it.

Peter Hounam, the *Sunday Times* hack responsible for the cock-up, has complained to *Esquire*. So has Michael Murrin, the former fish and chip shop owner who gave Hounam most of his material.

Hounam, however, was rather rude about his source, Murrin, in the letter he sent. Murrin found out and has sent a furious letter to Hounam threatening to expose Hounam's methods as a journalist.

Could he mean the tape recording he has kept, dated 16 October 1990, where he and Hounam discuss wiring Murrin up and going off to offer Oyston a hefty bribe?

It does sound rather desperate, but then this week the Insight team was reduced to knocking off the *News of the Screws* Proetta "scoop".

SECURITY staff at Lord Rothermere's Northcliffe House in Kensington are almost as sharp-witted as the gormless hacks who work in the building.

When the Associated Newspapers titles moved there from Fleet Street a few years ago, *Standard* news person Colin Adamson cleverly registered his protest at the oppressive new security arrangements by signing in as "Abu Nidal... Purpose of visit: Terrorism." The security staff did not bat an eyelid.

Now the *Evening Standard*'s literary editor, A.N. Wilson, has also daringly mocked the authorities. When Wislon forgot his security pass one day, he was asked to sign in at reception. He did so, using the name "Genghis Khan". A few minutes later, the phone rang in Wislon's office. It was a security guard anxiously wanting to speak to Mr Khan from the books department: nobody of that name appeared to be registered as a member of staff.

KELVIN "One Step from Barking" McKenzie, editor of the increasingly tawdry *Sun*, is showing worrying signs of normality.

McFrenzie, who used to berate any member of his cowed staff who dared take more than two weeks' holiday a year, absented himself from the *Sun* offices for an unprecedented six weeks last year. This year he is already on his third week of leave, which, by an extraordinary coincidence, happened to coincide with the Dirty Digger's descent on Fortress Wapping to administer his annual bollocking to the editors of his organs.

Murdoch's wrath at the *Sun*'s lacklustre performance was instead heaped on Stewart Higgins, McFrenzie's unfortunate deputy. While Higgins took his punishment like a man, McFrenzie was not resting abroad ("on doctor's orders") as he claimed, but skulking round the home counties on a golfing holiday.

Cynics say it won't be long before Kelvin joins the ranks of editors to receive an honour — possibly the Order of the Yellow Streak.

THE recession is at an end, we can reveal. The all-clear was sounded by the ex-saintly Andreas Whittam Strobes, who some months ago vowed never to touch a drop until the recession was finally over.

Last week the one-time holy man was seen swilling champagne at the seedy headquarters of his newspaper, the *Indescribablyboring*, in City Road. His euphoria coincided with the release of figures showing that for one month, April, the sales of the *Indie* had slightly exceeded those of *The Times*.

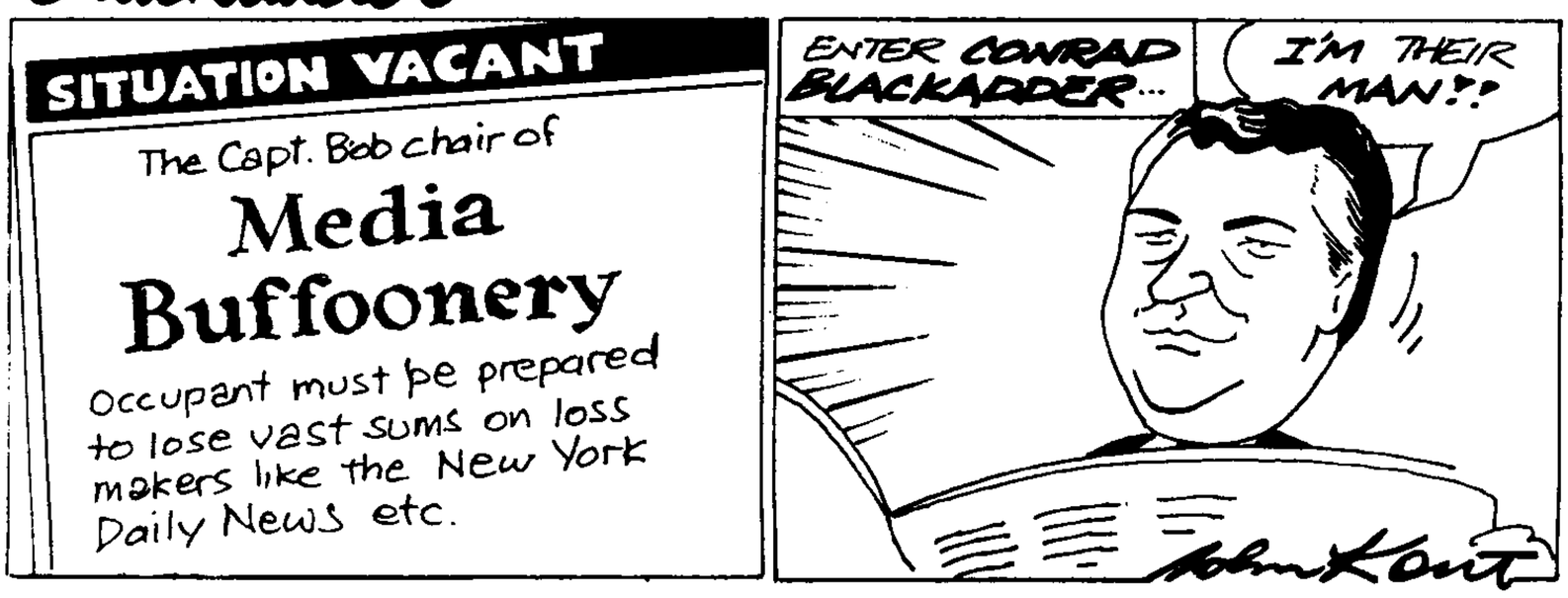
Meanwhile, St Andreas has once again proved that he is capable of behaving just as badly as any other press baron.

For months Strobes has been less than happy with Godfrey Hodgson, the *Indie*'s foreign editor and almost the only executive at City Road to have the temerity to disagree with the great Strobes at editorial meetings. This *lèse majesté* was compounded, in Strobes's view, by the foreign editor's unnecessary concern for his staff.

Recently Hodgson entered a plea with the editor on behalf of the Washington correspondent, John Lichfield, whom he felt was being given a hard time. "The trouble with you, Godfrey," Strobes replied irritably, "is that you worry too much about morale. Do you realise there are hundreds of people out there who would KILL in order to work for me?"

Hodgson will not have to worry about morale any more — apart from his own. Last Thursday, with no warning, Strobes fired him.

Blackadder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ENTER CONRAD BLACKADDER...
I'M THEIR MAN!!
John Kent

LEGAL NEWS

ELDERLY readers may recall how in the mid-1980s *Private Eye* chronicled the tribulations of Miss Peggy Wood of Portsmouth and her battle with the Law Society.

Next month Miss Wood will finally be in court, suing the society for negligence. The case should prove a benchmark in legal history if for no other reason than it will allow the public to see how the Law Society conducts investigations into the activities of its members.

IF NEIL KINNOCK had stuck to his guns on tax policy instead of deferring to John Smith, the outcome of the general election might have been completely different.

The Welsh Windbag had been strongly warned by his entourage — even by the old Hampstead leftie Michael Foot — that to impose a 35 percent marginal increase on taxpayers earning more than £390 a week would alienate the very people whose support Labour desperately needed to win. At his now infamous pre-election Luigi's dinner with hacks, Kinnock made a pronouncement on tax which, had he stuck to it, could well have saved the day.

Waiting for the wrath of Smith to fall on him, Kinnock must have been surprised when, at an inquest at which Roy Hattersley was also present, Smith was totally conciliatory and even offered to modify, or even shelve, his tax proposals if that was what his leader really wanted.

Kinnock replied that Smith, as the only person in the party who could count, must surely know best.

NEVER keen to shoot itself in only one foot when both can be severely damaged, the Labour Party is now crumbling faster than the old east European bastions of socialism, circa 1989.

The catastrophic election defeat has been followed by the party's farcical leadership battle. But now it is possible the People's Party will finish the job completely and be declared bankrupt — not just intellectually, but financially too.

The party has an overdraft of more than £2.5 million and the trades unions are refusing to bail it out. The deficit was already crippling the party before the election and in typical style Labour's national executive committee devised an ingenious ploy to pay it off — to do absolutely nothing.

Instead, after the inevitable election triumph, so the plan went, the new Labour government's first act of parliament would be to introduce state funding for all political parties. Hey presto! The deficit would be wiped out with one stroke of Neil Kinnock's red pen. Er, but things didn't quite work out that way...

THE Government has decided to close down the Commons select committee on energy. Its crime? It dared to tell the truth.

Over the last parliament it held a series of hearings which were unhelpful to the energy establishment — precisely the watchdog role that was envisaged for select committees by Norman St John Stevas when he invented the system.

During its life, the energy committee exposed the electricity supply industry and the way its costs were being disguised to make nuclear power look good; it criticised privatisation of the electricity industry; it spoke out for the independent would-be producers who were squeezed out by National Power and PowerGen; it exposed the dirty tricks which had scuppered the wave energy programme; and it called for the development of clean, renewable sources of energy. It also gave a hearing to the commercial manager of British Coal who was driven out of his job because he resisted the Government's plan to destroy most of what remains of the industry.

It did this with a pro-nuclear, Tory majority which was prepared to listen to the series of witnesses who spoke out while taxpayers spent millions on subsidising nuclear power and burned up our stock of fossil fuel and polluted the environment. This was not popular in government circles.

The committee was chaired by Dr Michael Clark, a Tory with a brilliant scientific background and a highly effective manner as chair and questioner. He should have been an energy minister — but the last thing that the energy establishment wanted was a minister who might know what he was talking about.

He was helped by Peter Rost, another Tory who understands the subject, and Ted Leadbitter, an earthy Labour MP who developed a terrifying style of cross-examination and who, foolishly, allowed himself to be persuaded to retire and give his seat to Peter Mandelson.

The Government's action was even anticipated by the energy committee which produced as its last report a plea to stay in existence, even after the energy department was swallowed by the DTI. It argued that the trade and industry select committee had a wide brief and would not be able to give "sustained and regular attention to energy matters". That, of course, was precisely what appealed to the whips' office and the energy establishment.

Its final report commented, correctly: "The present 11 percent surcharge on electricity bills, effectively to pay for past errors in relation to nuclear power, is the best example of what happens when information is withheld and well-informed public debate consequently fails to occur. But for the energy committee's investigation of the planned PWR programme in 1980-81, there would probably now be many more nuclear stations, with capital costs similar to those of Sizewell B, and a considerably larger surcharge... Without the energy committee, much of the information we have elicited and published would simply not have become available."

INTERESTING FACT: The report suggested an energy sub-committee as a fallback, but even this was too much for the people who manage such affairs. And who do manage such affairs?

Behind the scenes, the dominant voice on energy policy has been that of Mr John Guinness, the permanent secretary to the department of energy, who has now made it fairly plain where his own sympathy lies.

Mr Guinness has taken early retirement at 56 to become chairman of British Nuclear Fools in the hope of keeping alive the atomic dream, starting up THORP, the thermal oxide reprocessing plant at Sellafield, and building an explosive waste repository underneath the Lake District national park.

WHY is John Prescott suddenly ahead in the hype for Labour's deputy leadership? Because a concerted campaign to dump Margaret Beckett is obviously bearing fruit.

The slogan of this grumpy bunch of Labour backbenchers on the dream John Smith/Beckett ticket? "We've got the bank manager. We're not having his bloody clerk as well!"

"There's an encouraging increase in the number of new reports saying there's an encouraging increase in the signs of economic recovery"

PERIPATETIC parliamentarian Bob Parry, Labour MP for Liverpool Riverside, was one of the six European politicians arrested in Tiananmen Square last month while protesting about trade union rights.

Known in the Commons as Gulliver, because he's always on his travels, Parry's jaunts are less amusing to his constituents. When forlorn canvassers knocked on doors during the local election campaign, many were asked: "What the fuck is he doing in China?"

Perry's constituency recorded the lowest turnout at the general election (54.3 percent), which contrasted poorly with other Murkeyside seats where turnout was high, despite the poll tax effect on registration. And while Parry's stand on workers' rights might go down well with voteless Chinese, it isn't appreciated by his own largely jobless electors.

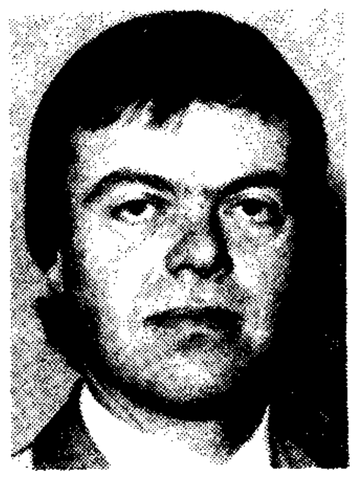
When members of a local tenants' association adjourned to their club bar after a meeting, they heard over the TV that Parry might face a 20-year jail sentence in China. There was a resounding cheer... Sadly for them, Parry was swiftly deported to Hong Kong.

'Backbiter'

THE NEW BOYS (2)

Clive Betts

THE ARROGANT, picket line crossing Labour member for Sheffield Attercliffe, Clive Betts, is a 42-year-old bachelor and professional politician who, like so many MPs in the People's Party, has never had to endure the sweat of a job in the real world outside politics.



In becoming a powerless backbencher, however, Betts has suffered a humiliating fall from grace after spending five years as leader of Sheffield city council. But that is nothing to the humiliation poll taxpayers have endured during his tenure as head of Britain's fourth-ranked provincial local authority.

Betts managed to achieve everything the Tories warned would follow a Labour general election victory: gross financial mismanagement engineered by a blundering executive setting high taxes with little return for the public, accompanied by the usual dollop of spineless but "worthy" posturing. It was no coincidence that Sheffield hosted Labour's ill-fated Nuremberg victory rally nine days before it lost the general election.

Before leaving for Westminster Betts gave Sheffield a truly-socialist present — a budget riddled with spending promises far in excess of the city's income. The shortfall was to be made up by an incoming Labour government. But Labour lost; and Betts's gamble with the jobs of 30,000 people means that not only will there be 1,000 fewer next year, but more civic amenities will close and services cease, with Betts no longer around to take the rap. A smart move by the economics graduate from Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Desperate to reach Westminster since his student revolutionary days, Betts stood for Sheffield's perennial Tory seat, Hallam, in 1974 aged only 24 and then took a series of quasi-intellectual non-jobs with various Yorkshire Labour councils before succeeding David Blunkett as Sheffield leader.

Should Labour ever return to power, Betts would be a front runner for the all important job of, er, sports minister. So keen was he to show his spurs that he made the first maiden speech of the new session, rendering fellow members senseless with a meandering gabble about the fortunes of his beloved Sheffield Wednesday.

Strangely he made no mention of his record in presiding over the biggest British sporting cock-up of the century — the multimillion-pound loss-making World Student Games (see *Eyes passim*), the toytown Olympics for teeny tankies dominated by the old iron curtain bloc.

Sheffield spent £300,000 of locals' money to win the bid in 1987 in Zagreb: "The presentation we put on today did the city credit," said Betts, "winning the nomination is the greatest day in the city's history." Fact: Sheffield was the only city bidding to host the event!

As leader of the host nation's bid, Betts's junket-status improved considerably, but he was not prepared for the jet set life. A trip to America with Games' hacks was tempered by his failure to carry any credit cards: meals, drinks, hotel bills, even a shopping spree for clothes in Philadelphia had to be subbed by council treasurer Malcolm Newman.

Betts sold the games to the Sheffield public on the back of the tired old Labour cliché of bringing back prosperity and enhancing prestige. Instead he saw his constituents plunged into decades of debt: the games lost Sheffield more than £10 million, plus rising interest charges of at least £15m.

Originally Betts promised the games would make a surplus, later switching to projected losses of £1 million at worst. After the disastrous true picture began to emerge Betts was quick to transfer blame to his chief executive, disingenuously claiming that the council, the games' organisers, was only prepared to allow a shortfall of £5 million!

Last year Betts clashed with angry town hall workers during an industrial dispute. But his once-impeccable socialist credentials let him down. He crossed the comrades' picket line, manned by members of his own union, Nalgo, and had to be rescued by police after protesters had aimed punches, thumped him in the back and pulled his jacket.

Grovel

I AM MOVED to tears by the long-running libel suit between investigative journalist Duncan "Dunky" Campbell and the *Pink Paper* (see *Eyes passim*), which finally reached the high court last week.

Tears aside, however, it was, alas, rather a damp squib. Anticipating a long trial, the *Pink Paper* lawyers had asked their client for an advance payment of £20,000. Unable to afford this, the magazine had no choice but to admit libel. Thus the only issue to be decided by the jury was the size of the damages.

Dunky, who told the jury he was presenting his own case because he could do it better than any barrister, was on splendid histrionic form. He burst into tears no fewer than seven times while addressing the court. "Where are you going to find a case of persecution as vile as this one, members of the jury?" he sobbed. "It is persecution of the vilest and most malevolent character. The louder you speak, members of the jury, the more your voice will be heard. It will be the clarion call that will do something to end my torment."

He then reminded the court that he had been denounced as a "total wanker" by supporters of the *Pink Paper* who demonstrated outside his office at the *New Statesman*. "You have listened to the words of those protesters... Are these not the worst lies ever told? But I have endured this suffering in the interests of the greater good. I have given much of my life for the sake of others." He then burst into tears again.

Recovering his composure, he described the *Pink Paper*'s criticism of his attack on alternative Aids therapies as "this poison spread from mouth to mouth, from the small to the multitude, from the tide to the flood... Please, please, please give me a megaphone loud enough to nail these lies forever."

The jury awarded him £20,000, enough to buy several very loud megaphones, I should think. Dunky's costs will also be paid by the *Pink Paper*, but there may be some haggling. Though he got rid of his lawyers last year and conducted the case himself, Dunky has claimed he is entitled to a fee of £800 per week, plus £400 for a "research assistant". The taxing master, however, may take a different view.

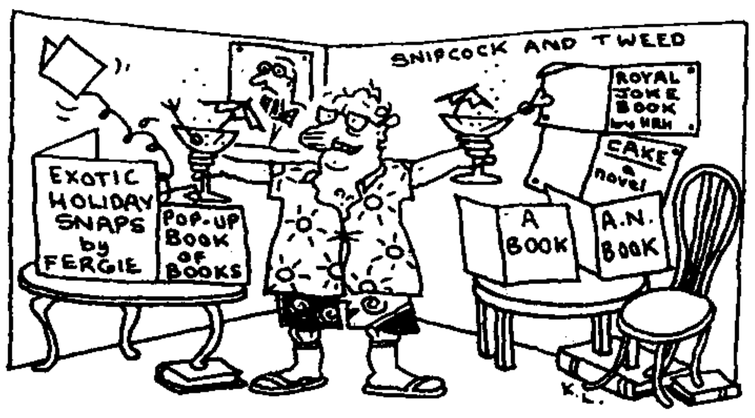
There may also be some dispute about who should pay for one of Dunky's witnesses, an Aids doctor from New York who was flown to Britain at great expense and accommodated in a smart hotel only to have his evidence dismissed by the judge as "inadmissible hearsay" almost as soon as he stepped into the witness box. Indeed, so much of Dunky's evidence was inadmissible that he was eventually given a ticking-off by the judge, Mr Justice Tuckey. "If only you would be kind enough to give me a tutorial on admissibility, my lord," was Dunky's winning reply.

While he was in the witness box, Dunky asked for permission to go to the lavatory no fewer than three times. On at least one of these occasions he was spotted emerging from the loo shortly afterwards in the company of his boyfriend, whom he amusingly describes as a "rentboy".

Campbell, a celebrated litigant, asked the jury to give him extra damages because the *Pink Paper* had described him as a "celebrated litigant". At this even the judge could not contain his mirth.

"Wife my under doesn't stand me!"

Pseuds Corner



Bologna [Book Fair] is it. It's in our blood, our rhythm. It's right for the trading cycle, it fits with our Christmas planning. It's part of the seasons of the year. You wear your coat for the first time at Frankfurt, and you leave it off for the first time at Bologna.

PIET SNYMAN of Random Century Children's Books
The Bookseller

One query, though, cropped up time and again in R.E.M. interviews: why, people wanted to know, was the numeral "4" printed beneath the "R" on "R.E.M." and "GREEN" on the cover. [Michael] Stipe cited an essay called Metaphor As Mistake by one Walker Percy, which argued that human error (mishearing lyrics, misreading words etc) had a vital role to play in the creative process. In other words, Stipe, typing the information for the cover and hitting the wrong key, had left the mistake in as a valid art statement. That he considered this error just as worthy of respect as, say, the lyrics to Orange Crush spoke volumes about the endlessly thought-provoking, crazily tuneful conundrum that is R.E.M.'s Green.

DAVID CAVANAGH
Q Magazine

I saw the painter [Francis Bacon] last summer, drinking champagne in a London garden. When he left I pocketed the cork. No other painter would have induced such a tribute.

IAN COLLINS
Eastern Daily Press

Harry Enfield has just been appointed to present a series of programmes about opera on Channel 4. Obviously I would have loved to have done this. With my powers of communication I could have told the stories of opera to millions of people and made them sound like the *News of the World*, like their slogan "All human life is here". There's so much that could have been done with these great arias — you have to remember that it isn't a question of reaching the opera buff. It is a great missed opportunity. How extraordinary I was never asked.

DEREK JAMESON
Opera Now

My skin is very important to me — and so is smell. If I'm feeling funky I go for incense smells — sandalwood, patchouli, myrrh, frankincense. But if it's a clean, sunny day, I like cucumber of more floral things. On days like Sunday, a more spiritual day, I do something like eucalyptus or angel lily...

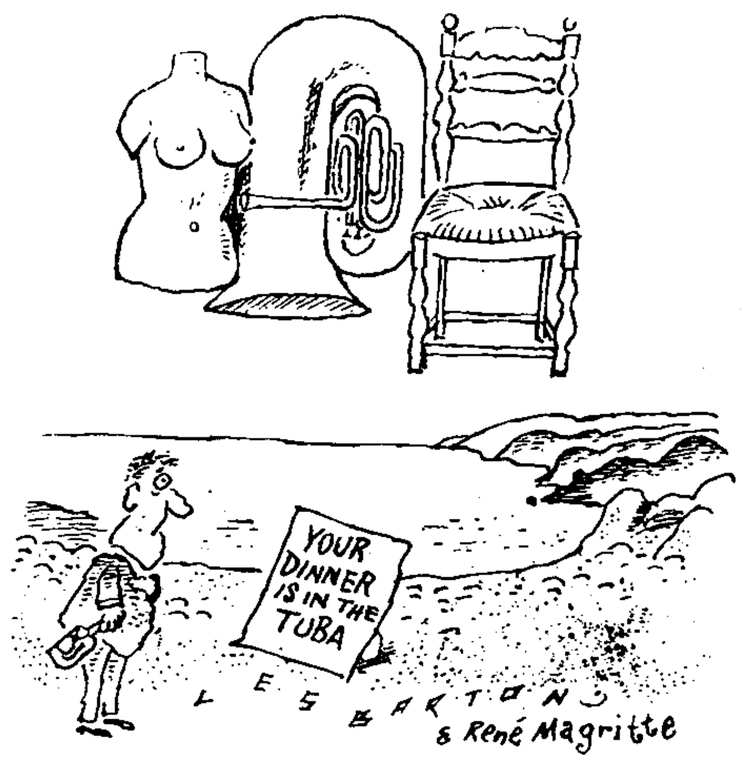
I never listen to the news. I don't read a newspaper either. I don't read at all. The only thing I read is the dictionary. I'm not attracted to reading. Sight, sound, taste — all these matter and I love words but I just can't seem to concentrate on going along a line...

I try not to eat after 6 or 7 in the evening. Maybe I watch the Music Channel or put on a CD. I'll usually phone a lover from my bed; this can take five minutes or a couple of hours. Then I fall asleep real easy.

k.d. lang
Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTORS: Ms P. Cooper, Clive Brill, R. Elliott, Paula Morris, R. Harskin.

£10 paid for entries



WHEN OH WHEN will Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill, editor of the *Sunset Times*, settle down and plight his troth to a homely Scottish lassie?

Only the other day he was showing an attractive blonde around the Wapping newsroom, but sadly my spies tell me she was quite unsuitable as consort for the editor of a great national newspaper.

During the tour Brillo asked a reporter to get Henry Kissinger's office on the phone. While he and his guest waited, the reporter duly got through to Washington, only to be told that Mr Kissinger was not in his office.

As Brillo and his luscious escort left the newsroom, she was heard to ask him: "Just exactly who is this Henry Kissinger anyway?

Meanwhile at the opening party of a new Soho restaurant called Del Ugo where, I see Andrew surrounded by sycophants begging him for jobs. He is in the company of a delightful Dutch interior designer, and I am surprised to bump into him again later in the evening at Paul Raymond's Revue Bar.

There, the New Brit editor is with two unnatural blondes and I must say he looks very at home. It reminds me of the libel case between Brillo and his former rival, Peregrine Worsthorne, the tremendous snob who was sacked as editor of the *Sunday Torygraph*. After the Pamela Bordello saga, Perry had written that newspaper editors should show more decorum and not hang out at pick-up joints like Tramp. If Perry were still alive (I am yet to be convinced that he is), he would no doubt turn in his grave.

IT IS NOT only literary critics, I learn, who are alarmed by the antics of Ted Hughes, the barmy poet laureate.

Hughes's latest wheeze is to set up something called a South West Rivers Environmental Enhancement Trust. His aim, as he explained to a meeting of the grander riparian owners in the West Country last month, being to set up private hatcheries to breed salmon.

This is all very well, but, my West Country friends say, it has little to do with "environmental enhancement". "The aim," one tells me, "is to get fish back into the rivers for riparian owners to kill." Nevertheless, Ted intends to apply for charitable status for his project. He also hopes to have a budget of £1 million — to come, he hopes, from the bottomless pocket of his chum the Prince of Wales.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

DAME SHIRLEY PORTER, retiring lord mayor of Westminster, along with our late leader Thatch, Teresa Gorman and, say, Edwina Currie, are living, talking testimonials to the merits of universal suffrage and the rightness of the campaign for women's suffrage waged earlier this century.

Votes for Women has meant power for women, even if one might have the occasional twinge of regret over the choice of women that women, and men, vote for. Lady Porter, like her heroine, Lady Thatcher, has climbed to the top of the greasy pole at Westminster, although not in the House of Commons but in Westminster City Hall. One might have thought she would have some respect and feelings of gratitude for those *brave* women who fought so hard and endured so much ridicule to achieve the rights for women in public life which she now enjoys. Not she!

Westminster city council, which for the last year the Tesco heiress has adorned as lord mayor, has voted to demolish Millicent Fawcett Hall, from the 1920s to the 1950s the epicentre of the women's movement, and a memorial to one of the great early campaigners for equal rights. It is to be replaced by... a temporary car park. Such is the civic vision that radiated from the Westminster city councillors.

Dame Millicent Garrett Fawcett (1847-1929) was president and chairman of the executive committee of the London and National Society for Women's Service, now called the Fawcett Society. The society, founded in 1866, played a leading role in the parliamentary campaign for women's suffrage. When this was finally achieved in 1928 with the Flapper Vote, it campaigned for economic equality for women.

The society promoted the construction of the Women's Service Hall, which was built between Marsham Street and Tufton Street in Westminster in 1927-29 and which became its headquarters and the scene of its educational activities until 1957. Virginia Woolf and Bertrand Russell, among many others, spoke and debated there.

What was soon renamed the Millicent Fawcett Hall, with its library and restaurant, was designed by Douglas Wood, architect of, among other things, the British Legion Poppy Factory and flats at Richmond and one of Shirl's predecessors as mayor of Westminster. As his name implies, Mr Wood was a chap. The pity is that the hall was not designed by a woman, says young Elizabeth Scott, winner of the competition for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford; but that does not undermine the fact it is a dignified piece of 1920s Classicism and, more important, the only purpose-built public building associated with the women's movement in London.

Although overshadowed by the monstrous bulk of Eric Bedford's soon-to-be-vacated (to help out the Reichmann brothers) and demolished blocks for the department of the environment in Marsham Street, this part of Westminster has charm and interest. Most of it was built in the early years of the century, and next door to Mr Wood's masterpiece there is Herbert Baker's excellent Christian Science church, while round the corner are buildings by Lutyens and Goodhart-Rendel.

Apart from the environment department, the only disaster so far to strike the area was a German bomb which damaged Millicent Fawcett Hall and cleared the adjoining site. Shortly afterwards, in 1949, the hall was compulsorily acquired by Westminster council and has recently been used as a community centre.

In 1990, Westminster decided to sell the hall for commercial redevelopment. The Fawcett Society and the National Alliance of Women's Organisations tried to buy the building so it could again be an active centre for women's organisations. But "Project W" could not produce enough cash for the greedy council which, in response to the recession, decided to postpone the sale and merely to clear the site until the market improves. It is, of course, a valuable site that might make a great deal of money for (Conservative-controlled) Westminster, especially if the DoE site is also sold by our (Conservative) Government for a commercial development...

The only hope now is that the building is listed. But it has been turned down once by the overshadowing civil servants in the DoE. Now it has been proposed for listing again by English Heritage, supported by the Thirties Society, SAVE and others. Millicent Fawcett Hall may not be 1920s architecture of the top rank, but buildings are listed for their architectural *and historical* importance, while the DoE circular on listing states that attention is paid to "special value within certain types, either for architectural or planning reasons or as illustrating social and economic history... association with well-known characters or events."

The matter now rests on the desk of our caring new heritage minister, David Mellor. As I have often remarked, it is monstrous that the recommendations of the Government's statutory advisers on historic buildings, English Heritage, can be rejected at will by the bureaucrats of Marsham Street. But the real scandal now is that Westminster can seriously propose destroying a decent, useful and hallowed building for another wretched car park. Lady Porter and her councillors should be ashamed.

'Piloti'

Sally Deedes

WHEN British Rail is privatised, will its dim staff adopt a less cavalier attitude to safety? Given the recent terrorist attacks at British Rail sites, including mainline stations in the capital, commuter Richard Sullivan was very alarmed by an incident that happened three weeks ago on a rush-hour train from London to East Grinstead.

The train was crowded as usual, and soon after it left East Croydon Mr Sullivan heard a ticking noise. By the time the train reached Woldingham and the carriage was beginning to empty, the noise was louder and clearly coming from a plain green plastic bag containing two small boxes on the luggage rack.

By now there was only one couple left sitting in his immediate vicinity, and he and they all agreed that the package should be treated with extreme caution and be reported to BR staff at the next station, Oxted.

Mr Sullivan and the male half of the couple stayed with the parcel while the female half went to the back of the carriage to warn other passengers. They, using their commonsense, made ready to vacate the train as soon as it reached the station.

The guard, on being told about the parcel and having satisfied himself that it was ticking, set about it with a Swiss army penknife and began to slit the plastic bag open while balancing on a seat as 20 or so passengers looked on.

They tried to persuade the guard that he might do better to wait until the train came to a stop, but undeterred he continued to probe and when the train did stop, to the passengers' disbelief he picked up the object, jumped off the seat and carried it on to the platform amid the commuters and put it on ground summoning another BR employee.

With passengers filtering past, the pair dived into the parcel only to discover — thankfully — that it was a couple of clocks. What is worrying, given recent history and the potential threat, is that the British Rail guard did everything he should *not* have done in dealing with a suspicious unattended package. The reminder given after the London Bridge bombing was that on discovering a suspicious package, the first thing to do is to warn people to clear the area, and the second thing is to leave it alone — not to poke at it with a Swiss army penknife.

BRITISH GAS not only overcharges its customers (the watchdog Ofgas has just obliged it to reduce its charges) but its "three star service" contract for domestic consumers would appear to be an expensive con. And complaining seems to be a waste of time, to judge by the following tale.

The privatised utility took 11 days to fit a new solenoid valve on to a boiler of one of its customers, even though the customer, Peter Scott, had paid £72 for a so-called "three star service" specifically to avoid such a problem.

He was told the delay was due to the part having to be obtained from the manufacturer. When Mr Scott complained to the Gas Consumer Council, he received a series of strange replies.

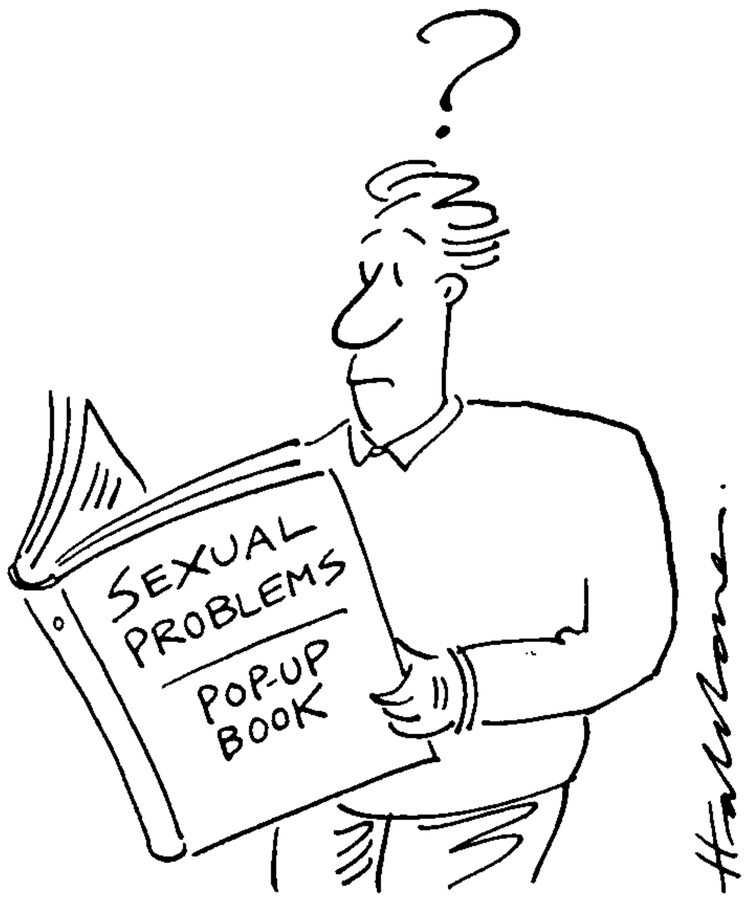
"British Gas does carry a large range of spare parts and at times these stocks can be depleted — the reason it took so long was due to the fact that the breakdown occurred over Easter and the manufacturers were shut down for 4 days, so in effect the delay was for 7 days rather than 11..."

Mr Scott wanted answers to specific questions: How many solenoid valves did British Gas hold in stock assuming it took a week to reorder them? How many such valves did they supply to customers in an average week? Etc, etc...

He received a reply from the council staff: "Due to our limited resources we are unable to pursue matters further" — but they did enclose a copy of their annual report.

Did the council, he then asked, lack authority to demand from British Gas answers to specific questions from customers?

Mr Scott received a final letter from Ian Powe, director of the council: "We can, and do demand answers from British Gas to specific questions, however the matter is not that simple. We are restricted by the Gas Act 1986 as to the information we can reveal to other bodies. We have attempted to obtain answers to all the questions relating to your complaint and we have outlined the British Gas spare parts policy which is being reviewed." They considered that "answers to your specific questions were not necessary". So there!



EYE

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes

This Week

(Thames)

FOR ITS LAST expensive drama serial before reluctantly handing over the London weekday ITV franchise to Carlton, Thames has chosen the late Sir Angus Wilson's novel *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. The serial very much belongs to the currently popular TV drama trend for bonking with mildly donnish undertones: Bragg's *A Time to Dance*, Wesley's *The Camomile Lawn*.

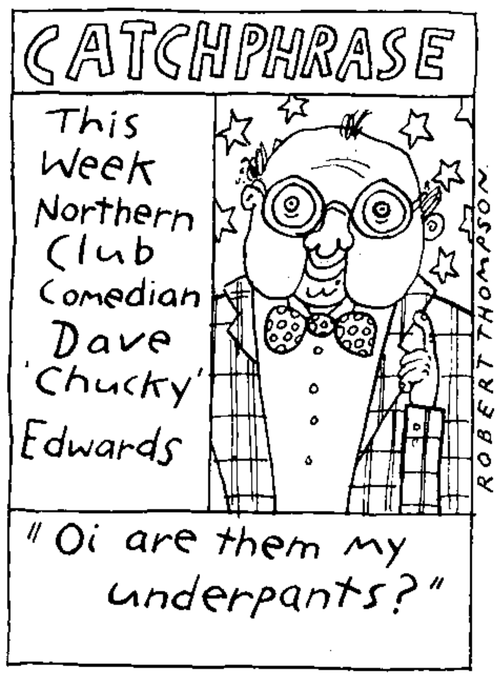
Thames has taken out the ultimate insurance for the lurid by employing as adapter Andrew Davies, the cheery dirty-mac academic who announced last year that he was putting the hard-ons into Jane Austen for LWT. In his hands, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* comes up hard, lean and firmly entertaining.

But it is also literate, intelligent and visualised at ruinous expense (£3.7 million). The question is: will such drama stand any chance of existing under the new ITV management from early next year? The most optimistic conclusion is that a series like *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*, in order to reach ITV screens, would need to pass two hurdles much higher than those that now exist.

First, even assuming that the intellectual will to film litty books survives at the present level, the post-1993 ITV companies will almost certainly have far less money for making programmes. This is the result of the greedily high payments (in a number of cases, including Carlton's) secured by the Government through the blind-bid franchise system. With so much money going to satisfy the neanderthal attitudes of the Tory right, there will surely be little left for *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*.

Secondly, ITV will have for the first time a central scheduler who will select and arrange the individual companies' offerings into a network schedule. While the old cabalistic system — of Granada and their bigger friends carving it up over drinks — was reprehensible in many ways, the cabal at least generally included some elitists and book-readers. If the central scheduler turns out to be someone who thinks Angus Wilson used to be fullback for West Brom, there will be a second disincentive to the production of literate drama.

Nor is drama the only likely casualty of the new arrangements. *This Week*,



another Thames production, is a good example of another well-fingered victim for whom the new contracts will be out from the beginning. Last week *This Week* examined possible fraud and misdealings by the Pentagon in the Star Wars project. It was not a huge story, and conspicuously not "people-led" in the way TV current affairs is now supposed to be. However, it was a useful report on a potentially interesting scandal.

Will this kind of programme still be made from January 1993? Would it have any chance of securing a slot as good as the 8.30pm Thursday posting which has previously been protected within the ITV system by the above-mentioned cabal?

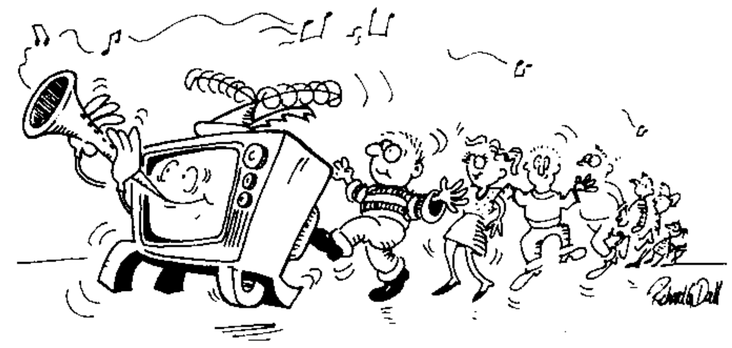
An alarming speech by Paul Jackson — incoming director of programmes at Carlton — suggests that neither of the above conditions are likely to prevail. Addressing journalists last week, Jackson insisted that "programmes will not survive in the new ITV unless they pay their way". In this injunction, he specifically included current affairs shows and indicated that *World in Action* and whatever replaces *This Week* after Thames leaves will be shunted into the outer edges of the schedules if they fail to deliver big audiences (specified as at least six to eight million viewers). It was also warned that *News at Ten*, though Jackson quite approved of it for its juicy quota of ABC1 viewers, would be expected to become more populist.

It was not specified what form the tarting up of *News at Ten* would take: perhaps Pamela Armstrong, its former newsreader, in tabloid trouble this week for saying "fuck" and discussing sex at the Cambridge Union, could be brought back low-cut and foul-mouthed.

In terms of slots like *World In Action*, it should be noted that its first show about the Birmingham Six, in 1985, only just crept past the lower limit of Jackson's permitted range of audiences. Presumably a similar performance next year will earn Ray Fitzwalter of Granada a memo telling him to pull his socks up. So, instead of making a follow-up, he makes a film about a duck that needs a heart transplant and the next lot of poor bastards rot in jail.

After Thames's departure, *This Week* and *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* may come to be seen as — to borrow another Angus Wilson title — such darling dodos.

'Square Eyes'



MEDIA NEWS

THE Birtian counter-revolution at the BBC was completed last week when Glenyn Benson took over as editor of *Panorama*.

Benson is a fully paid-up member of John Birt's MTB Tendency — the Mission to Bore Tendency — having been recruited from LWT.

Her appointment horrified the dwindling number of hacks left at *Panorama*, and their worst suspicions have been confirmed by the leaking of a Benson memo, circulated to BBC executives before her interview and obtained by the *Eye*.

Entitled "Current Affairs TV — A Strategy for the Nineties", the document is a manifesto for Order of the Brown Nose journalism. "The BBC gets into trouble with the Conservatives for not explaining the NHS reforms properly," laments Benson. "Its presumptive responsibility is to do what the nation as a whole needs."

Benson is aptly qualified to be godmother of MTB: "Any democratic society requires its citizens to resolve its dilemmas. To do this, they need information and television is the prime medium to inform them and explain these dilemmas. This is the now famous *raison d'etre* of Current Affairs invented by John Birt" — a classic piece of BBC *arslikhan*.

Her exciting master-plan for *Panorama* is "to explain the key issues". For contentious investigative programmes, Benson advocates a new "off-agenda BBC2 show" called *Time Bomb* to "investigate what's brewing up". No doubt this will be transmitted at 8am on a Sunday morning.

Benson has already openly confessed that she hasn't a clue how to do investigations. This is, of course, why she was appointed editor of *Panorama*.

O.B.N.

Suddenly he was no longer the strict, unbending Charles. He became Prince Charming.

For last night on television we saw the birth of the People's Prince — a man we can all feel warmly towards when he eventually accedes to the throne.

In A Prince Among Islands he was approachable, humorous and, above all, human. He showed his talents lie well beyond making speeches and shaking hands.

He revealed that he has the rare ability to mix with people of any age and of any social class, with a sense of humour and charisma that would make him welcome at any party.

LUCY BROADBENT
Today

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of broadcasting Folk
"WHAT'S UP LICENCE PAYERS?"
"TALENTLESS PEOPLE...
£½ deal for morning chat show hosts
GROSSLY OVERPAID... AND RESPONSIBLE FOR LOWERING STANDARDS IN TELEVISION...
BBC1
BBC2
AND NOW TO PROVE IT...
YOU'VE GONE & SIGNED UP ANNE DIAMOND AND NICK OWEN!"
£50
"Trebles all round!"
Ken Pyne

THE MOST disgraceful aspect of the Royal Ulster Constabulary's pursuit of Channel 4 through the courts to oblige it to reveal the source of one of its *Dispatches* programmes is that senior police officers happily acknowledge the information they are demanding is completely useless.

Last October the *Dispatches* series "revealed" that a secret committee of businessman and police officers was directing loyalist assassinations in Northern Ireland. As the *Eye* reported at the time, a highly experienced local reporter hired by the producers to verify this had told them that the story did not stand up. His doubts were ignored and the programme was broadcast.

It centred on the word of one anonymous man who claimed that the committee's "inner circle" was behind a series of specific attacks. The RUC publicity machine went into overdrive with "sources" — senior officers — joining paramilitary leaders to rubbish the allegations.

"There's a water shortage in our area"

The *Dispatches* source was, apparently, a man with a grudge against the police and was responsible for similar stories which had appeared elsewhere, notably in the Dublin *Sunday World* newspaper. Indeed, rumours about an inner circle had already been investigated by Cambridgeshire copper John Stevens, who found them to have no substance.

Unusually, there are few in Ulster prepared to disagree. One of the murders alleged to have been arranged by "the committee" was that of solicitor Pat Finucane. In fact Finucane was murdered by the perfectly legal Ulster Defence Association using information supplied by army agent Brian Nelson (see *Eyes passim*).

Nelson is now in solitary confinement in Belfast's horrible Crumlin Road prison, following his brief "trial" earlier this year. One of the main reasons Nelson agreed to plead guilty was that the authorities promised he could serve his generously short sentence in England. But the home office (presumably under advice from its mischief-making subsidiary MI5) has so far refused to let the Northern Ireland office move Nelson to the mainland.

Should this continue, Nelson can be expected to reveal the information that would have come out in court had he not changed his plea to guilty. Any such revelations will certainly embarrass the Government, but they'll be about the UDA, the army and the RUC rather than about any mythical "committee".

The other killings mentioned in the programme were also the work of the UDA, or the equally violent UVF, and were for the most part bloody sectarian killings which only the most warped mind could describe as "justified".

However, the main reason for doubting the credibility of the *Dispatches* programme was its constant emphasis on the Rev Hugh Ross, an amiable eccentric who campaigns for Ulster independence in much the same way some people campaign for by-passes. Ross is absolutely harmless; his inclusion in a documentary about mass murder is baffling and likely to provide Belfast's overpaid libel lawyers with rich pickings.

HACKWATCH No 22: Bruce Anderson

BRUCE "BRUTE" ANDERSON is a burly, bibulous, belligerent hack of Caledonian extraction and Conservative politics.

In the 1970s he worked for the Tory Research Department, but then decided to seek his fortune in journalism. After a few years as the token Tory at John Birt's TV programme *Weekend World*, he was hired by Peregrine Worsthorne to be a columnist and senior executive on the *Sunday Telegraph*.

The Leaderene's downfall in November 1990 coincided with Brute's departure from the *Telegraph* — sacked for revealing a private conversation between Prince Charles and *Telegraph* hack Charles Moore. He threw himself into the political melee, working at John Major's campaign HQ in Gayfere Street. At the same time, oddly, he wrote regular commentaries on the leadership election in the *Evening Standard*, which didn't always make it clear that he was a participant in events rather than a journalistic observer. He then wrote an authorised biography of John Major before fetching up in his present niche on the *Sunday Express*.

Some former colleagues are horrified by Brute's vicar-of-Bray conversion from Thatcherism to Majorism. What they fail to realise is that he is essentially a politician rather than a journalist, and politicians are attracted to power. If Douglas Hurd had become Tory leader, it's a fair bet Anderson would now be fawning on him. As it is, his column might as well be written by John Major's press office:

5 January: Brute starts the year as he means to go on. "Mr Kinnock and his party cannot be trusted," he warns *Sunday Express* readers.

12 January: Praises the prime minister. "Mr Major's collegiate style undoubtedly helps the government run more smoothly."

19 January: Attacks the Labour Party. It is "weaselly" [*sic*] and "dishonest".

26 January: Attacks the Labour Party for its "lack of credibility" and "political bankruptcy".

2 February: Attacks the Scottish Nationalists and praises John Major — who is "popular in Scotland".

23 February: Attacks the Scottish Nationalists and rhapsodises about "John Major's obvious love of Scotland and commitment to the Union, as demonstrated by his speech yesterday in Scotland, the finest he has yet made".

8 March: Further news of his hero: "The public like Mr Major."

15 March: Week One of the election. Kinnock is an "inadequately endowed" demagogue, while Major is a man of "compassion", "vision" and "social generosity".

22 March: With Labour still ahead in the polls, even the Brute is beginning to panic. "Don't throw away our future," he wails. "We vote against common sense at our peril... It would mean five years of wasted opportunities and mounting disillusion."

29 March: Attacks the "sheer, cold-blooded cynicism" of Labour's campaign on the National Health Service. "Contrary to popular belief," he claims, "this government has an excellent record on the NHS."

5 April: Attacks the Labour Party. "For the past two weeks I have been trying to travel in the Kinnock entourage. Every day there have been spare places, and on every day except one I have been excluded."

12 April: The election of John Major, "a PM on the verge of greatness", puts Anderson in uncharacteristically lyrical mood. Today, he says, is "a spring day full of the promise of summer".

19 April: No column from Brute this week. Instead he has a long interview with the PM, whom he taxes with such challenging questions as "Do you think it would be fair to describe you as a quiet revolutionary?"

3 May: Muses on Labour's prospects. "If Mr Major were to make a mess of the economy, so that the Tories had to fight another election against the background of a recession, Labour might well win. Unfortunately for John Smith... John Major is not going to make a mess of the economy."

10 May: Brute goes into raptures over the Citizen's Charter, "the new PM's big idea", under which "there will be no place for the drab paintwork and crumbling linoleum that disfigure so many public offices". John Major's determination to redecorate government buildings "could improve both the quality of life in this country and our economic performance", he concludes.

17 May: A tricky week, since Thatcher has embarrassed Major with her speech on Europe. Anderson cannot praise his friend Maggie without annoying his friend John; but equally he cannot criticise her. What to do? Simple: Brute absents himself for a week, leaving his space on the leader-page to be filled by David Thomas, the ex-editor of *Punch*.

LIBEL NEWS

WHO IS THE most avaricious lawyer in London? Just when it seemed the Peter Carter-Fuck Award for Most Outrageous Costs Charged in a Libel Action would be snatched by Mr N.A. Chapman, a partner at pukka solicitors Frere Cholmeley, the award's eponymous founder has bounded in with a late but devastatingly inflated bid.

When a recent edition of the *Sunday Express* suggested all was not well at the Waddington Gallery in London's Cork Street, the highly sensitive proprietor, Leslie Waddington, instructed Frere Cholmeley to bring proceedings unless an apology was received and the paper met his legal costs. The *Sunday Express* offered a "clarification" instead of an apology, which Waddington accepted, but only if the paper settled his solicitors' bill.

For writing three letters (two of which ran to two typed sheets), Frere Cholmeley charged £4,250. When the *Sunday Express* asked about the rate of charging, it was explained that the partner concerned, Mr Chapman, had spent 15 hours dealing with the matter: five hours per letter.

Normally this would be a clear-cut Eat-your-heart-out-Farter-Cuck Situation (*Shurely Carter-Fuck Situation? Ed*). But that would be to ignore the sad story of a veteran Labour activist who will probably have his home repossessed next month thanks to the wallet-boggling fees of Britain's most infamous libel lawyer.

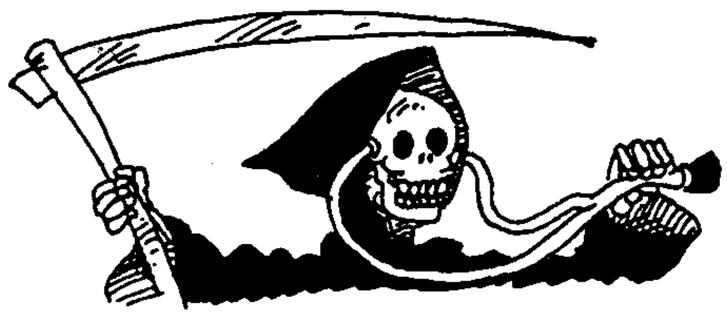
John McDonnell, a former GLC councillor, has for several years been Labour's prospective parliamentary candidate in Hayes and Harlington, the seat occupied by the neanderthal Tory MP Terry Dicks. About 18 months ago, shortly before the Gulf war, McDonnell issued a leaflet criticising Dicks for alleged links with Iraq. Though the criticisms were made in good faith, based on an article in the *Observer*, they were inaccurate. Dicks issued a writ and the leaflet was withdrawn.

And that was the end of that — until this year, when Dicks moved his custom from his previous solicitors, Heald Nickinson, to Peter Carter-Fuck. Dicks was promised that his costs would be covered by the James Goldsmith Foundation, a fund administered by Carter-Fuck to bankroll establishment figures who wish to sue "subversives", and he immediately began pursuing the case in earnest. Shortly before the case was due to come to court, at the start of the general election campaign, McDonnell agreed to apologise and pay damages of £15,000 — plus Dicks's costs, which he imagined would be no more than a few thousand pounds.

He had reckoned without the great libel lawyer. Carter-Fuck submitted a bill for costs of... £55,000! Since Carter-Fuck had agreed to the settlement only on condition that his costs wouldn't be taxed (ie assessed by a judge), this amazing figure could not be challenged.

McDonnell's only asset is the flat which he co-owns with his girlfriend, Julia Devote, and which he had to pledge to Carter-Fuck in guarantee of settlement. Unless some other source of money can be found by 16 June, McDonnell and Devote will become homeless.

Carter-Fuck, it is safe to say, will not. He owns a number of residences, including a house in London and a large estate in Marbella. Meanwhile Terry Dicks remains MP for Hayes and Harlington — just. He beat McDonnell on 9 April by a mere 53 votes.



DOING THE ROUNDS

CONGRATULATIONS to Bradford's Muhammed Saeed who exceeded the 12-year British record for impersonating a GP by an amazing 18 years.

The previous holder, **Manchester's** Roy Grimshaw, was not at Leeds crown court to witness this revelation. Why someone should volunteer to spend 30 years behind a desk mumbling "there's a lot of it about" remains unclear, but the only charges to stem from this marathon are of obtaining pay and property by deception.

● DOWN the road at **Leeds General Infirmary NHS Trust**, whistle-blowing medical scientist Dr Christopher Chapman has been singled out for compulsory redundancy after 24 years of loyal service.

Chief executive Stuart Ingham has not yet explained why the scythe fell on Dr Chapman alone and not on any of his more than 200 pathological colleagues. It surely has nothing to do with his exposure of large financial irregularities and a scientific fraud in the biochemistry department, where a colleague was promoting the products of a Belgian medical company for which he was a consultant.

● IN THE WAKE of disclosures that a surgically-active junior in **Liverpool** is HIV positive, retired **Peterborough** public health director Dr Joginder Anand has proposed the establishment of specialist centres (or ghettos) where doctors with HIV or hepatitis B can continue to operate on similarly infected patients. The Government's chief medical officer, Dr Kenneth Calman, described the idea as "very interesting".

● BAD news for *The Oldie*. **Edinburgh** senior law lecturer Dr Alexander McCall Smith has announced the arrival of "a generation of doctors who believe inconvenient old people have no right to cling on to life, and the treatment of such people is a waste of time and resources."

Speaking of which, of the 18,817 deaths reported in the *Confidential Enquiry into Perioperative Deaths* published in April, 17 were in patients aged over 100 and 11,503 (61 percent) were over 70. Of the 40 highlighted cases of over-zealous and unkind surgery, one was of a deaf, blind, arthritic 89-year-old lady who had an above-knee amputation shortly before she expired and another was a recently infarcted 66-year-old man with multiple sclerosis and pneumonia (same operation, same result).

● AFTER revelations from the **London Health Emergency Group** that two of the capital's teaching hospitals are to close, **Charing Cross** looks set to fold ahead of **St Thomas's**. The former is not proving willing to answer fund-holders' questions and its high prices have meant custom is being lost to **Ealing** and **St Mary's**. The £210 million **Westminster and Chelsea Hospital** under construction nearby should prove the final nail in the coffin. St Thomas's has the misfortune to have the highest real estate value of all the London hospitals but Dr David Barlow, venereologist and muscular member of hippie revivalists Instant Sunshine, candidly predicts it will evolve into a huge centre for genito-urinary medicine. Meanwhile, the **London Hospital Trust's** future has been secured by a deal to open a street level MacDonalds on the premises.

● AT THE **Royal Alexandra Hospital** in **Brighton**, every item of equipment on the children's intensive care unit has been donated by the local community, while the NHS generously stumps up the case for bandages and screens. Total charitable income to the NHS is now £370 million a year, with a further £265 million given to research.

● GORGEOUS, pouting Virginia Bottomley's well-publicised promises to improve a junior doctor's lot remain as shallow as ever. At **Blackpool's Victoria Hospital** (and many other northern hospitals), junior doctors are still eagerly awaiting their 1 February pay rise. Medical staffing is fending off queries with a resolute "mind your own business", while the much needed £10,000 refurbishment of doctors' accommodation above the mess has been cancelled due to lack of funds. Curiously, two junior administrators have each just received a handsome £6,000 a year pay rise.

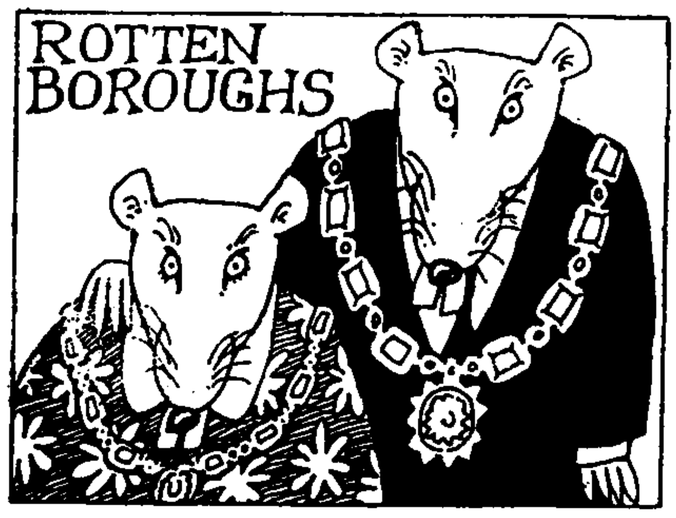
● IN **Boston, Lincolnshire**, the **Pilgrim Hospital** is under threat from a private clinic set up by ex-GP Dr Stuart Evans. The **C and S Medical Centre** aims to undercut the waiting times of its NHS rival and cream off the custom from Boston's five fundholding practices.

● IN **COVENTRY**, married GP double-act Ian MacDonald and Kathleen Wheatly have claimed more than £40,000 in annual night visit fees after encouraging patients to request out-of-hours calls at £45 a time to the taxpayer. This consumerist philosophy puts the dampeners on the BMA's campaign to highlight the 82 percent of GPs who want an end to 24-hour commitment. In **Bradford**, GPs have called for the introduction of patient charges for night visits to deter silly call-outs. "This is the only way of getting patients to realise the service is only for real emergencies," said GP Dr Tim Callaghan.

● IN **BIRMINGHAM**, the **Family Health Service Authority (FHSA)** has run out of money needed to monitor the third wave of GP fundholders. And the seven FHSA's in **north-west Thames** have been given only £100,000 between them to ensure new fundholders are neither naive or unethical.

● **SOUTHEND Healthcare Trust** is under fire for leaving a 77-year-old man to find his own way home after an emergency hernia repair. And patient Brian Kerner was surprised to receive a pre-election call from someone claiming to be Ernie Lockhart, the campaign manager for Southend East Tory MP Sir Teddy Taylor. Mr Kerner was treated to a vivid account of his erstwhile confidential dental treatment and asked if his photo and details could be used in a Tory pamphlet extolling the virtues of Southend Healthcare Trust. Mr Lockhart, who claims dirty tricks are to blame, is ex-vice-chairman of Southend Health Authority.

M.D.



MURKEYSIDE

SOME of the city's most colourful characters got the bum's rush in this month's council elections.

Queen Victoria Roberts was dethroned — poetic justice for her part in putting council workers on the dole — while her election agent, expenses expert Dawn Booth, was loyal to the end: days before the result, Booth was canvassing councillors for Queen Vic's job as chair of the council's finance and strategy committee.

Nor will lord mayor Trevor "Doggy Bag" Smith (*Eyes passim*) grace the municipal buffet tables any longer. His skills as Liverpool's roving ambassador will be greatly missed. When told to attend a diplomatic function on his recent trip to China in "informal dress", Smith wore a shell suit and trainers. He'd lost his ID card and went round shouting at his hosts "Me lord mayor of Liverpool! Me no cardy!"

Of the old stagers, John "Mr Magoo" Hamilton, Hatton's old punchbag, failed to make a comeback due to a split in the Labour vote. His contemporary, Harry Rimmer, held on to his seat and is thus ensured of retaining the Labour group leadership. Labour only sacks leaders in Liverpool if they actually win elections. Rimmer's results left Sir Gideon Ben Tokenism crestfallen as it ruined the latter's chances of assuming the mantle.

The Spartist candidates did even worse than the Rimmer rump. Electors knew by now who the "real Labour Party" really were, so Militant Medusa Leslie Mahmood got some Perseus-style head treatment. The comrades consoled themselves on the night, however, by singing "Always look on the bright side of life" whenever their vote splitting tactics gave the Lib Dems victory over Labour.

MEANWHILE cracks are appearing in the one-party state edifice of the notorious neighbouring borough, Knowsley, where three independents won seats.

The most interesting contest concerned Frances Clark, lord mayor of Knowsley and mother of fading professional scousette actress Margi "Letter to Brezhnev" Clark.

Old Ma Clark failed to be selected for two seats as a Labour candidate, so she decided to run on her own and was promptly expelled from the Peoples' Party. Ironically, her opponent also had luvvie connections — she was the girlfriend of Tony Scoggins, who plays a shell-suited Barry/Larry/Gary character in the crap soap opera, *Brookside*.

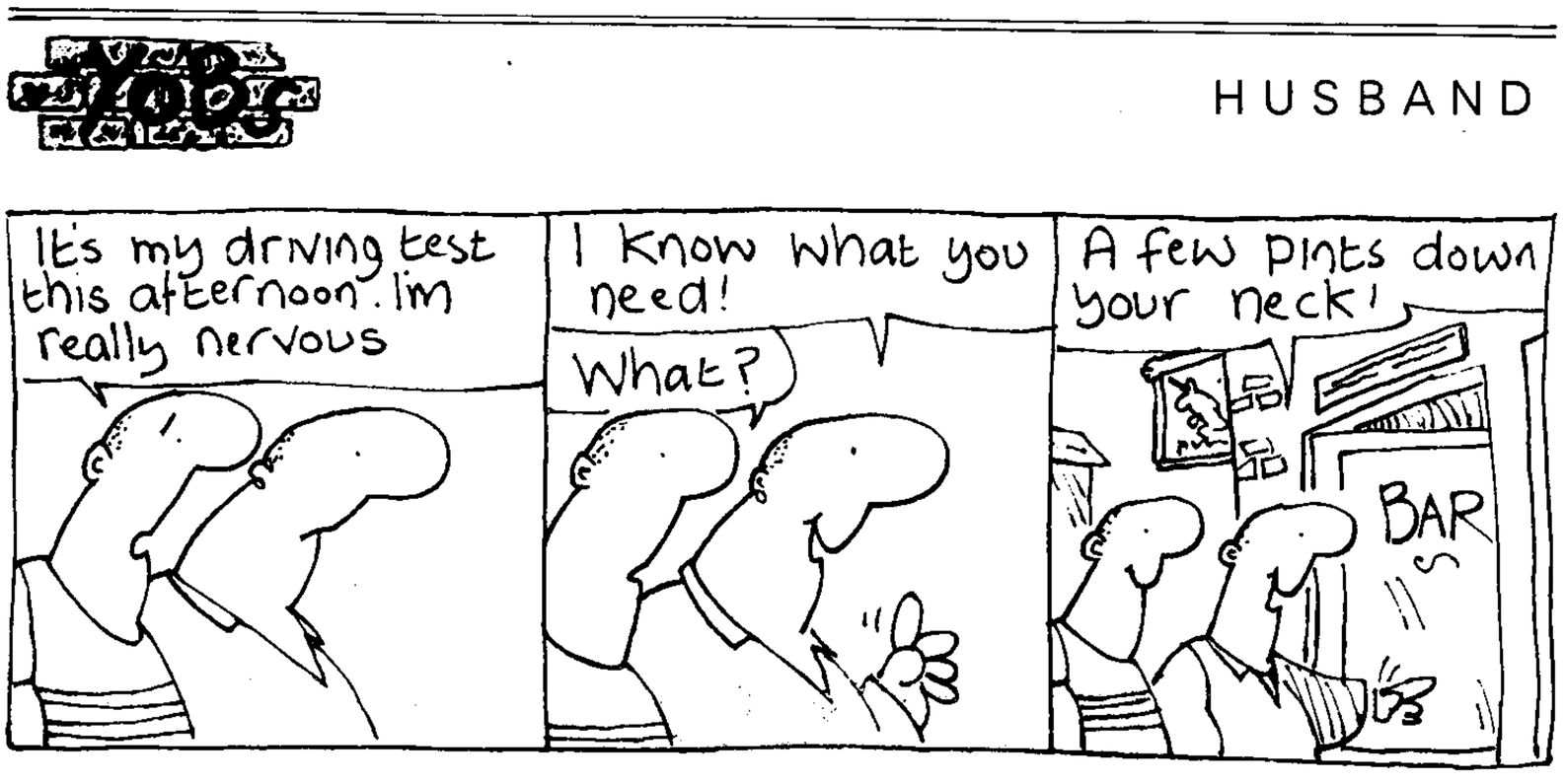
Ma Clark's victory was all the more surprising given that a month earlier young Margi had been drafted into Essex to do a double act with Glynis Kinnock. Labour spin doctors explained that Margi was there to "firm up" the male C2 vote. The boys of Basildon clearly prefer to see a good length of blue stocking...

MANCHESTER

AFTER eight years as chief henchman of the mindless thugs who run Manchester city council, the seriously boring Graham Stringer's tenure as leader could be over.

Stringer had been banking on the election of a Labour government to bail out the council's growing debt, but has now been knifed in the back by his chief minder and could be replaced as leader of Britain's most tediously parochial council following this month's local elections.

Although Stringer, while jetting round the world selling Manchester's name, has been quick



to blame Thatch for "devastating the inner cities", even he has had to admit, privately, that Manchester's exciting urban renewal — the growth of new businesses, the cleaning-up of much of the dirty old town — is thanks to private investment in the face of council hostility.

The coup is being led by Manchester Labour Party chairman Duncan Edwards, a member of the town hall's competitive tendering unit which aims to fix contracts for council works teams.

Edwards, until recently godfather of the Manchester cell of the notorious International Marxist Group, has stitched up an unholy alliance of Harold Wilson-loving duffer Gordon Conquest as deputy leader and the very left-wing, former bakers' union stalwart Val Dunn as leader of Britain's second most powerful city. But Dunn has all the wrong credentials: she has peddled the same political line for 20 years without going through a Kinnockian conversion and often ruins council meetings with outbursts of commonsense.

AS THE government prepares to privatise Britain's Labour-mismanaged municipal airports, Victorian-style restrictive practices have taken hold at Ringway, Manchester Airport, owned by Labour-run Manchester city council.

Ringway has been paying 50 baggage handlers salaries worth on average £12,000 a year even though the men lost their jobs when a new company took over loading duties earlier this year. The absurdity of paying people to do no work follows on from the council's unworkable "no compulsory redundancies" dictum.

Naturally, the airport's deputy chairman, Manchester city councillor Jack Flanagan, is mortified by the controversy. Not because Ringway is wasting its profits paying a group of ghost workers, but because the unions revealed their displeasure at management's handling of the hitherto hush-hush, earn-while-you-don't-work scandal during the middle of the general election campaign. This was the union's cynical riposte to councillors' ever-more-lavish junketing, especially Flanagan-and-wife's trip to New Orleans last year, which sorely vexed the rain-soaked Manchester brothers.

The fact that the Government wants to break the town hall yoke on provincial airports precisely because Labour councils deploy such disingenuous economic policies has escaped Flanagan and his semi-articulate overseer, council leader — but for how long? — Graham Stringer.

WEST MIDLANDS

SIR James Ackers (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*), blundering chairman of West Midlands regional health authority, faces a pensions probe by the Commons select committee set up to investigate the Maxwell scandal.

Ackers is the failed businessman who cost 300 NHS staff their jobs when he sold the health authority's computer bureau to an incompetent management who ran up huge debts and went bust within two years. Now the committee is investigating why the staff lost not only their jobs but in many cases their pensions too.

The apparent difference is that where Maxwell plundered, Ackers blundered, not realising how unviable the bureau — or Qa Business Services, as it became — would be. But letters from ex-staff to the select committee tell a different story. The staff, some once highly-placed, say the hidden agenda of the sell-off was that the health authority wanted to cut back its bureau and contract out the remainder — but without paying redundancy.

Thus the sell-off, to directors who plundered assets in a champagne lifestyle and who in several cases quit with guaranteed pensions, was expected to lead to receivership with the health authority avoiding any liabilities. The staff have sent the committee documents showing how money flowed like water from the start of Qa's existence, with even directors' wives having company cars. Chief executive Eric Burling is said to have claimed £50,000 a year in expenses.

Dozens of staff were offered huge enhancements on their pensions to retire early — not realising it was being paid from the firm's rapidly dwindling revenue and had no guarantees attached. When the firm went bust so, in many cases, did the pensioners.

POLICE 5

SIR Geoffrey Dear, HM inspector of constabulary, has refused to grant a certificate of efficiency to Derbyshire police.

No one is better qualified to judge police efficiency and fairness than Sir Geoffrey, who was chief constable of the West Midlands police when he had to disband his serious crimes squad when it interpreted its brief as a licence to commit serious crime.

Another inspector of constabulary, Sir Philip Myers, is also in the news as a defendant in the action taken by former assistant chief constable Alison Halford against the Merseyside police for alleged sexual discrimination. Sir Philip was last in the newspapers for his role in furthering the abrupt and entirely unjustified removal of John Stalker as deputy chief constable of Manchester.

HOW DID Judith Ward come to spend years in jail for an IRA bombing that she didn't commit?

One person whose role is likely to be scrutinised by any inquiry is the Knacker in charge of the case — George Oldfield, who as West Yorkshire's assistant chief constable (crime), was later to become famous for bungling the search for the Yorkshire Ripper. One hitherto unrevealed fact that might or might not be germane is that throughout the 1970s Oldfield was almost continuously blotto.

"He drank two bottles of whisky a day," a veteran of the Ripper case recalled last week. "It was a story which everyone suppressed at the time, out of kindness." But there were one or two close shaves.

As Oldfield was driving along a road outside Huddersfield one afternoon, plastered as usual, he saw a man repairing a dry stone wall in a front garden. Convinced that a crime was being committed, he screeched to a halt, clapped the fellow in handcuffs and drove him to the nick, roaring and ranting boozily all the way.

The arrested man, a lawyer, was placated by an embarrassed duty sergeant, while a senior officer from the force rang round local hacks, begging them (successfully) not to report the incident. "George," he explained, "is under pressure."

Oldfield eventually became such an embarrassment he was taken off the Ripper case. This was, alas, rather too late to be of any use to Judith Ward.

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

HAVING seen subsidies slashed on barley and rape, the red-faced yeomen who run the National Farmers' Union miss no opportunity to pocket handouts for such "public goods" as cowslips and meadow pipits, conveniently forgetting that it was their greed that nearly wiped them out in the first place.

The barons' sudden enthusiasm for conservation is limited to what will bring in a Min of Ag cheque. Thus the union's minions in the south-west lobbied long and hard to have the Blackdown Hills in Devon designated an ESA — an environmentally sensitive area (handout: £100 an acre for avoiding the Stinking Marsh Orchid with the tractor) while fighting tooth-and-nail against their designation as an area of outstanding natural beauty (handout: zilch).

Not to be outdone, the hayseeds on the Somerset Quantocks have latched on to the wheeze. When they're not out chasing the local red deer they're pleading to be included in the newly-designated Exmoor ESA (handout: £50 an acre for stocking it with staghounds instead of sheep).

Strange that when Exmoor became a national park (handout: zilch) in the 1950s the Quantock farmers refused to join. What can have led to the change of heart? One yokel is quoted as commenting: "We're only asking for it because we care for the environment." Ah yes, of course...

MUCH relief at NFU headquarters following the election result. Under supremo David Naish, the office-holders at Surplus House, Knightsbridge, are now so pro-Tory that staffers are expecting Norman Fowler to wield the axe at the same time as he fells the dead wood at Central Office.

The amiable Naish may tactfully have allowed his own membership of the party to lapse, but the Tory bias is reflected in an increasing number of the union's policies — to the evident annoyance of most of the staff. Increasing signs of internal division and disaffection are awaited at the steading.

FEARFUL of losing markets worth millions, the pesticide industry spends ever more on PR aimed at wrong-footing its critics. Among the more sinister manifestations is the organisation quaintly known as LEAF, set up by the industry to promote "integrated crop management".

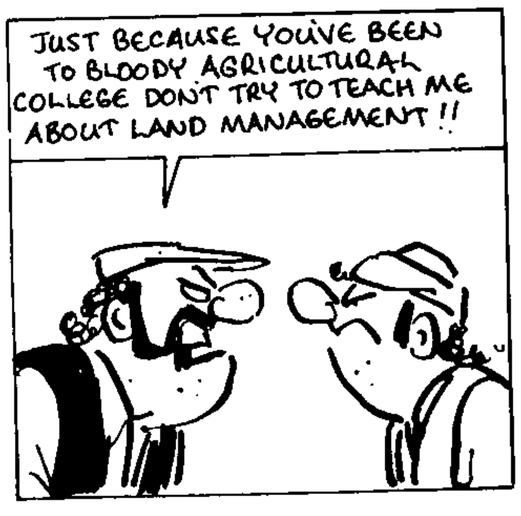
The aim is to give maximum publicity to those pesticides that don't actually destroy every living thing on the farm. This is known as the "responsible use of modern methods". Those who disagree are labelled extremists.

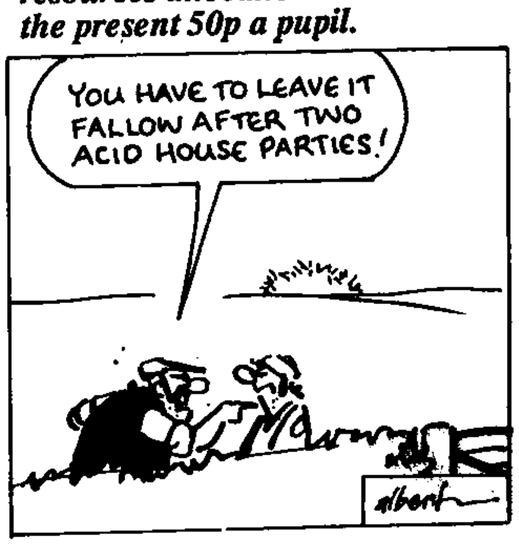
Under its coordinator Caroline Drummond, LEAF is looking for clean-cut farmers up and down the country to be promoted as the acceptable face of crop spraying. They'll be spruced up by the pesticide makers and trotted out at regular intervals to smile for school parties and regional TV crews.

At LEAF's first forum at the Farmers' Club in Whitehall, the consensus was that the so-called environmental problems of agriculture were really only matters of public perception. The main task was to put the public right. Obviously there aren't any pesticide residues in food and drinking water. People just *think* there are.

MEANWHILE LEAF's sister organisation, the British Agrochemicals Association, is spreading the message to the under-11s.

The caring BAA is concerned that too few school children appreciate the facts of modern farming, so they've produced three new teaching packs to help children form balanced opinions on unbiased information. With this sort of public-spirited support from industry, primary schools should be able to cut their resources allocations well below the present 50p a pupil.





Letters

The Cook, the thief, the hat...

Sir,

It has been brought to my attention that in issue 793 Mr Mike Molloy asserts that I am the proprietor of PRIVATE EYE. *It is hard to imagine a more damaging libel.*

He further alleges that I "stole a cowboy hat" from his office.

Several years ago, to celebrate another triumph in the courts, Robert Maxwell ordered his staff to produce a parody of the EYE, *wittily entitled* NOT PRIVATE EYE. *I have no idea if Mike was involved in the project. John Penrose had overall charge of editing and producing this one-off publication.*

Just before NOT PRIVATE EYE *hit the streets I rang Penrose at the* MIRROR *and suggested that we had a small party to celebrate the completion of this gruesome task. Ian Hislop, myself and other riff-raff arrived at the Mirror Group building bearing gifts of scotch, gin, vodka, crisps etc and a convivial evening ensued. If Mr Molloy was there he was being characteristically unobtrusive. The hat was taken as security against the £50 cash I paid the* MIRROR *picture desk to capture the ebullient scenes in Maxwell's office on film.*

If he has the snaps, I'll find the hat. The £50 did have some sentimental value.

Yours,
PETER COOK,

Hampstead NW3.

Back seats

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the similarity between the well-known satirical magazine PRIVATE EYE, *whose edition of 24 April sympathised with the plight of former MP Keith Raffan, whose political career was "blocked as a result of anti-gay prejudice", and the well-known satirical magazine* PRIVATE EYE, *whose latest edition featured an innuendo-laden article on new MP Alan Duncan who was "lucky to have been selected for his seat before the recent Alan Amos scandal caused local associations to revise their already unenthusiastic views on bachelor candidates".*

Are they by any improbable coincidence related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
ANDREAS GLEDHILL,

London SW1.

Tree fellows

Sir,

*As Simon Carvallo so wisely points out in his letter (*EYE *792), "The Yanomani people... now have their own designated territory but lack even the most rudimentary social security." The poor dears. However have they survived for so many hundreds of years without dole payments to help them buy... er... pay for... er...*

It is such ridiculous assumptions as this, as much as the logging companies, that are destroying rainforests.

Yours aye,
JOSS WILLIAMS,

Orsay, France.

Droit de seigneur

Sir,

Thanks once again to Sally Deedes for exposing the further "tricky" behaviour of the Min. of Ag.'s civil servants to the Minister's former tenants on the Land Settlement Association.

As a result of the article the ex-tenants have heard, through the grapevine, that money was put aside to settle with all those who suffered from the mismanagement. All that was required from those not on the writ was that they did the "right things". There is considerable curiosity as to what exactly it is that the Minister wants his former tenants to do. Does he require an act of obeisance? A sacrifice? A virgin? Perhaps both? His ex-tenants "think they should be told"!

Yours faithfully,
DAVID BULLARD,

W. Sussex.

Planning blight

Sir,

Thank you for your mention under Rotten Boroughs regarding events in the Borough of Bent (sorry Brent).

However, mention must be made of my Conservative colleagues, Comrach Moore and Richard Buckley, who did so much to assist the people of Kilburn.

Planning decisions have an incredible effect on the lives of people, yet decisions are made by the least qualified and the most biased in a haphazard fashion. Serious questions must be asked as to how long local authorities should have the right to make planning decisions rather than a truly independent body away from the political trough.

The record of Bent (sorry Brent) in these matters is illuminating. For years the fingers of suspicion have been pointed at and allegations made about councillors of both parties. These actions range from the stupid to the venal, but in all cases the extraordinary alliance between the left and the most seedy capitalists and the right and the most moth-eaten neo-socialists leave the public and other members mystified.

I can say with certainty that were an MP to behave in this fashion then the by-elections following their disqualification would happen almost weekly.

Yours truly,
PETER GOLDS,

Bent (sorry Brent) Council.

Middle of the road

Sir,

*Your correspondent, H.W. Rye (*EYE *792) thinks we should be told why you are campaigning against trams. I agree. When can we expect an answer?*

H.W. Rye seems puzzled since "the EYE *has been staunch in its defence of the environment against the road lobby".*

Well, I can't say I've noticed. I have been campaigning against the road lobby with "Archway" colleagues since 1977 and you have never been an ally. Stopping a motorway is truly "defending the environment etc." and your only contribution was to refer to us in 1983 as "Livingstone's looney lefties"

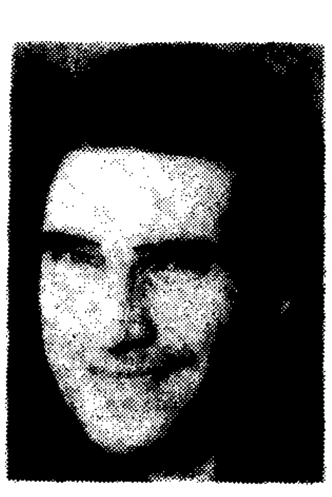
That was staunch indeed; it damaged us, damaged Livingstone and helped disenfranchise London.

I wonder why? Perhaps public schoolboys feel there's something infra dig. about public transport.

Yours sincerely,
NINA TUCKMAN,

"Archway", London N19.

Lookalike



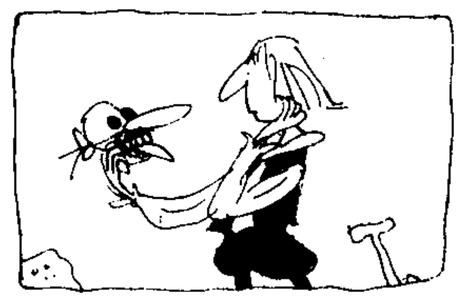
Ignatieff **Referee**

Sir,

Did anybody notice the remarkable resemblance between the referee for this year's FA Cup Final and that other well-known referee of intellectual competition, Michael Ignatieff?

Regards,
MARK HAMILTON,

London SE7.



LUVVIES

"For me, acting is purely a kind of spiritual mechanics. If you add this element to that element, what do you get out of the combination and what do you want to distil? It's very complicated actually if you're going to try to set out to do it interestingly. If you're not," he purrs, "it's very simple."

JOHN MALKOVICH
Times

Deep down, what is Sharon Stone like?

"I'll bet the inside of my head looks like a pregnant woman's stomach. My mind is stretched."

Hello!

"Rosalind is a mountain of a part, like scaling Everest," says Jemma. "You need to be fit, relaxed and supple, like a panther about to spring. I have to be utterly concentrated while being physically very free, very uninhibited."

JEMMA REDGRAVE
Sunday Express

Submitted by Anon, Bernie Fife-Schaw, Stuart Gardner.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.

Smut

Sir,

I see that Old Muckraker is having a fit of dioxinitis. This condition is usually brought on by a chronic shortage of toxicity scare stories and has been a useful excuse for being let off serious science for more than 20 years.

Having worked with Chlorphenols for 40 years and been exposed to more dioxins on an average day than most people meet in a lifetime, I have had a strong interest in researching the hazards of exposure to various dioxins. The only proven effect of serious exposure in an industrial context is chloracne, an unpleasant collection of blackheads, which acts as a warning and can be cleared up by treatment. True there was one human fatality following the explosion at Seveso in Italy some years ago, but that the was the works manager who was shot by the Red Brigade as a punishment for having the temerity to have an accident.

There are still some followers of the one molecule theory of cancer causation who believe in the evil of dioxins as an article of faith. But dioxins have now been found in so many places that if they were really so dangerous the human race would have long been extinct. However, if Old Muckraker is really worried she or he should avoid bonfires and crematoria — sources of more dioxin generation than industry, any day.

Yours healthily,
J. DAVID,

Welwyn Garden City.

Grave warning

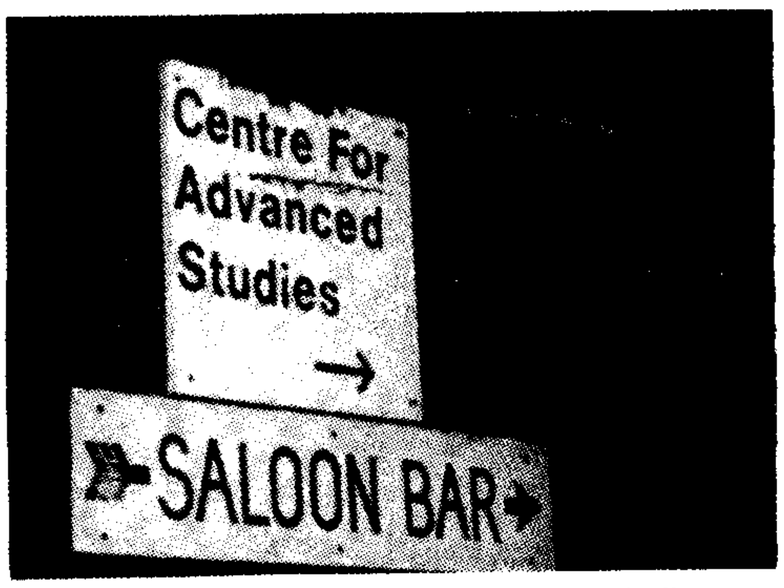
Sir,

*Re the concern of my health by Mr P. Clark (*EYE *793) I wish to ensure him I am perfectly well and in good health all except the television stations especially BBC2 who believe I am dead.*

Yours faithfully,
SPIKE MILLIGAN,

London W2.

I-SPY *Whitechapel High Street*



Submitted by C.J. Newman. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

A gift to the nation...

Sir,

Your usually sharp reviewer wields a very blunt knife to stab Willie Hamilton, blaming all his deficiencies on his "old-style socialism". When I stood as Labour candidate in the Truro by-election following David Penhaligon's death, several Labour frontbenchers came to lend support for a day or two, and I was very grateful, especially since it was a seat we stood no chance of winning. Willie Hamilton stayed over a week, and stomped round the council estates with me, canvassing long and hard into the summer evenings. Why did he bother? Because he thought it was right, and proper, and important, even if (privately) he also thought it was hopeless. In my brief acquaintance with him, I formed the impression of a man who has spent his whole life doing and saying what he thought was right, without fear or favour; in other words, a man of principle. In these days of intensified scrambling for anodyne pragmatism, the Labour Party needs more socialists like Willie Hamilton, not fewer.

Yours old-style,
JOHN KING,

Cornwall, Connecticut.

M.E. sufferer

Sir,

Thank you for bothering to write about my NEWS OF THE WORLD *column. Nice malice, no facts.*

I have an MA, two lls in Phillip, three counselling certificates and after four issues the postbag has increased by 33 percent. The paper invited ME *to write for* THEM.

If your informant's envy worsens, I can offer qualified personal therapy.

Yours sincerely,
PHILLIP HODSON,

London NW3.

PS: I enclose my book on MEN, *in case your editor would like to become one.*

Colour supplement

Sir,

If, as you say, Paul Johnson (Hackwatch 21) painted a water colour of Neil Kinnock making his big speech at the party conference in the Empress Ballroom, Blackpool in October 1987, this far-right, far-sighted hack has more vision than he is given credit for — I was listening to the same speech in the Brighton Centre where the conference was held that year.

Yours faithfully,
LINDA PERHAM,

Hainault, Essex.

Los adjusting

Sir,

I have to confess myself baffled. It would appear that despite 48 hours of looting and pillaging, the entire population of Los Angeles has only succeeded in doing about 550 million dollars worth of damage (what? about £300 million). This is despite thousands of shops stripped bare and literally hundreds of fires! The IRA was able, with one bomb, to do up to £1.9 billions worth in a few seconds flat.

I don't suppose that when it come to assessing the cost of mending their own buildings and relocating their own staff into (tragically) empty office space, the large insurance companies tend to estimate rather higher than when patching up some black guy's sweet shop, do they? After all, they don't want to have to put up the premiums. Surely?

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS HEDGER,

Hemel Hempstead.

Vacuous

Sir,

To miss one irony may be regarded as a misfortune; to miss two looks like humourlessness. First Pseuds' Corner misunderstands the INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY *rock critic, Ben Thompson; now it fails to see a point made by our TV critic, Allison Pearson. Her line about the serious excitation on pool of the quantum vacuum was an ironic echo of a quote that had appeared earlier in the same piece. Maybe Tom Stoppard was right when he said there ought to be a special typeface for these things — ironics.*

Yours faithfully,
TIM DE LISLE,

The Independent on Sunday, EC1.

The old cobbler

Sir,

Thank you for the plug for my regular Garry's Goof item in your latest edition.

PRIVATE EYE *readers bored rigid by the* EYE*'s sub-*PUNCH *public school humour will be delighted to learn that a hilarious collection of my goofs is published later this month. Watch out for* THE BEST OF GARRY'S GOOFS *(£4.99; Kingsfleet) — guaranteed funnier than a year's worth of puerile old cobblers from Hislop and Co.*

Yours with love,
GARRY BUSHELL,

The Sun, London E1.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The game's not over till the fat lady plays the piano. Tonight Chris Eubank played the piano."
BARRY HEARN, ITV
(Lenny Lapidge)

"Easter Day fell on a Sunday in 1987."
SIMON BATES, Radio 1
(Stuart Fisken)

"There's the Wigan players running to the dressing room. That's the sign of a side that wants to get on with the game."
RAY FRENCH, BBC1
(James Hudson)

"And can you, perhaps, Ray, tell us what the mental side of Terry's thoughts will be at this time?"
TED LOWE, BBC2
(David Caldwell)

MAN IN THE NEWS

Maurice Strong

WHAT CAN you do with a man who buys a Colorado ranch from his old buddy Adnan Khashoggi and then claims that a land grant from the Spanish king (deceased) allows the company he set up to sell all the water under the San Luis valley?

Well, as we pointed out in *Eye* 764, if his name is Maurice Strong, you make him head honcho of the green jamboree of the century, the so-called Earth Summit in Rio next month.

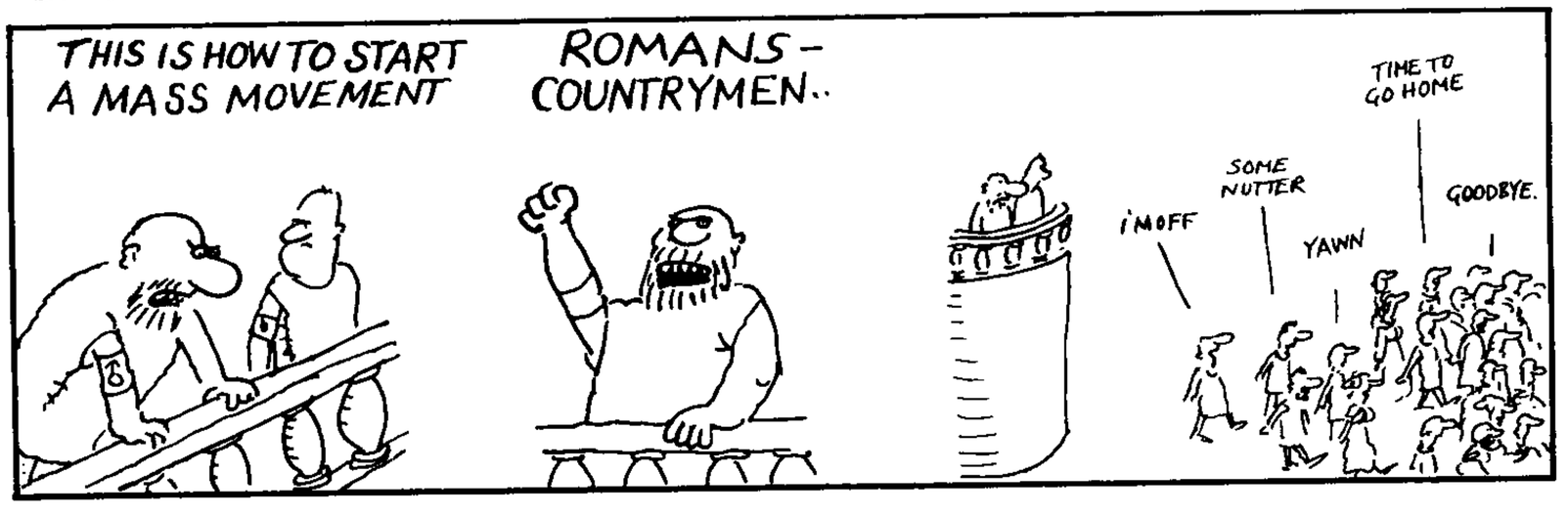
To avoid a conflict of interest, Strong has sold his shareholding in American Water Development Inc, but still retains a right to royalties on any water extracted. A Colorado judge recently heard that Mr Strong had originally proposed to sell the thousands of acre feet of water in to anyone who would buy it. The revenue could have been more than a billion dollars a year. However, the judge also ruled that the Spanish land grant did not allow the company Strong had founded to dehydrate the valley. The green supremo's plan would, the judge claimed, have destroyed 25,000 acres of wetlands and damaged another 25,000 acres — as well as lowering the water table, drying up streams and ruining local farmers. Ironically, Strong had claimed that he had founded the company "because people from outside the valley were likely to make a grab for the water," if he didn't.

However, Strong may be rapacious, but he is at least rational; which is more than can be said for his young wife, the dippy Hanne Strong, a firm believer in a different sort of Age of Aquarius. As the *Eye* has revealed, she thought there was an underground lake atop a bed of crystal beneath the valley and was giving plots to Carmelite and Tibetan Monks, Shirley Maclaine and so on. She sold a plot of what she described as a "powerful dream corridor" and the birthplace of "ancient souls" to MacLaine after a three-day bout of power-dieting (sorry, *fasting*) induced a vision of the actress "flying through the sky like a ballerina, with her legs outstretched, and I knew she was going to crash. So I caught her in my arms and that was the sign Shirley should be here," she told the *Toronto Globe and Mail.*

For the amusement of the bagsnatchers and muggers of Rio, she is convening a world summit of spiritual leaders in the city to coincide with the Earth Summit to which Hopi elders, shamans and Shinto priests and the like are all invited. Her husband is obviously hearing similar messages. He hosted a press conference with Alexandra Penney, editor of self-indulgent woman's magazine *Self*, who seemed to think that if all her readers signed a pledge to be environmentally aware, it would be a major breakthrough for the world.

In fact the only important part of the big summit will be the climate change convention. As a major breakthrough, the US agreed that global warming may after all be a problem. In return, all the White House wanted was a photo-opportunity for Bush at Rio, and the removal of any suggestion that the US might have to stop burning the coal and oil sold by the president's major campaign contributors. It's the type of deal Mr Strong understands.

HOM SAP BY DAVID AUSTIN



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Today we had the opening of parliament and we all listened to the Queen's Speech. Her subject was the future of Majorism, so as you can imagine I listened especially carefully, to find out what it was. However the Queen seemed to have very little idea what Majorism meant, and in my judgement she made it all sound rather unconvincing.

The only really new idea in it was that we should privatise the railways, which, if you ask me, sounds remarkably familiar. It is just the sort of feeble, unworkable idea that a certain previous prime minister, not Mr Heath, might have come up with. The Queen really will have to get some new advisers, if you ask me.

Tuesday

For some reason my friend Jeffrey Archer has written to me again. This is the twelfth time this week. I know he is a very prolific writer, and this proves it! Today he outlines for me the plot of his new novel, which is about a very famous writer called Godfrey Bowman. But he is very unhappy because for some reason his country will not honour him for his services to literature. But there is a happy ending when his best friend James Colonel becomes prime minister and makes him Lord Archer of Grantchester. It sounds like a very good story, and I wrote back to Jeffrey saying that I looked forward very much to reading it to Norma on our next holiday.

Wednesday

Today we had a very successful Cabinet meeting. The atmosphere is completely different now that I am my own man!

Everyone was most relaxed, especially Norma Lamont who was explaining to Mrs Bottomley how much he would like to get his "hard ecu into the narrow band". Everyone laughed, although I personally feel that there is still a strong argument for remaining in the broader band in order to retain flexibility over interest rates. However Norma is becoming a real expert on economics, having led us out of the recession no less than five times in the last year. No mean achievement! To celebrate, when Mr Waldegrave brought in our tea, we let him tell us about all the very interesting phone calls he has been having in his job as Charter supremo.

Most of them today were about the late running of the 7.52 from Shoeburyness, owing to defective rolling stock, but there were also some other complaints, such as the man whose wife couldn't get Radio 3 on the car radio when she was crossing the Mendips; also a poor chap who had purchased a pork pie from a service station on the M4 which turned out to be two days past its sell-by date, as a result of which he was forced to take the morning off work.

I said to the Cabinet: "This is what the Majorist revolution is all about." They must have agreed, because they were all nodding. My friend David Mellor was concentrating so hard he had his eyes closed.

Thursday

Now that Chris Patten can no longer be my friend, due to his having to go somewhat unexpectedly to Hong Kong, I have been giving a not inconsiderable amount of thought to who might replace him. As I said to the Cabinet: "We need someone to run the Conservative Party who has real flair, charisma and dynamism." They all laughed, showing once again how relaxed the atmosphere is.

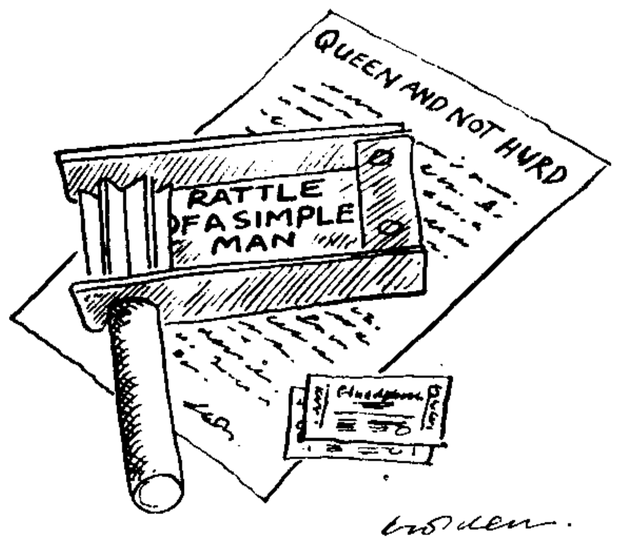
"Well, gentlemen," I told them, "I have just the man — Norma Fowler." They all looked aghast at this brilliant suggestion. "But Prime Minister," said Mr Portfolio, who is beginning to be a very outspoken young man, "I thought he wanted to spend more time with his family?" "And so he has," I replied, quick as a flash, "but now that Mrs Thatcher is gone he has decided he has seen enough of them." This certainly silenced Mr Portfolio, who said: "Well at least it isn't Jeffrey Archer."

Talking of which, I had several more faxes from Jeffrey this morning, saying that he thought of a new twist in the plot of his novel. When his hero, Mr Bowman, the very popular novelist, is overlooked in the Honours List, he sends a fax to his friend James Colonel saying that he is the unhappiest man in the world. At this the Prime Minister is overcome with remorse, and in a tearful reconciliation scene he makes him the Duke of Archer OM. I wrote back to him saying that his new twist is brilliant.

Sometimes I feel Jeffrey doesn't get the recognition he deserves.

Friday

The Queen has made another speech, this time in Europe. She said that parliament didn't matter and that the important thing was to give more power to the EEC. Mr Hurd said he thought her speech was quite brilliant. I had to tell him that, in my judgement, it was a very poor speech and it was most



imprudent of her to have made it. "Who does she get to write that sort of rubbish?" "Me," said Mr Hurd, giving me one of his most toffee-nosed Old Etonian looks just because I have caught him out again.

At least there is one minister in my new government who is doing a really serious and effective job. I mean my friend Mr Mellor, who has got us two free tickets to tomorrow's Cup Final at somewhere called Glyndebourne.

Saturday

Mrs Thatcher has done it again. She has proved that she is completely insane. She says that the Germans are going to take over Europe and tell everyone what to do. I asked mr Kohl for his advice and he told me I was to ignore her. So I did.

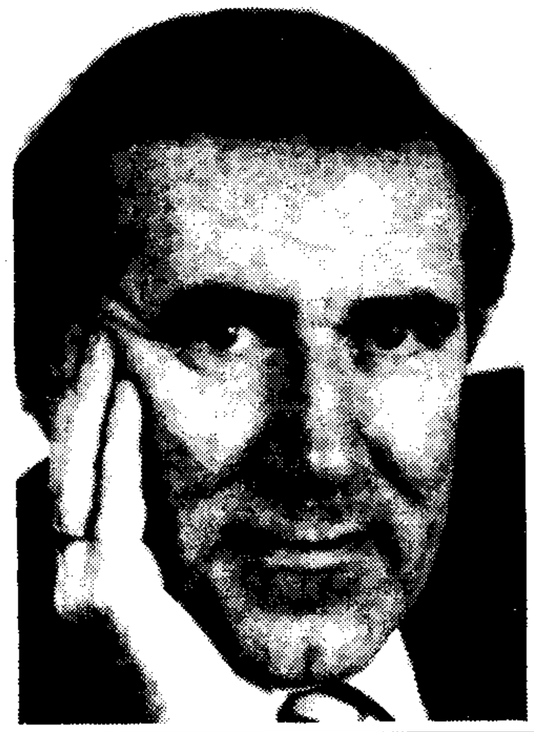
Luckily nobody pays any attention to what Mrs Thatcher says nowadays. So, although her speech was on all the front pages, it was quite obvious that no one had noticed it. And, to prove the point, every single minister was quoted on the television saying he didn't think anyone paid any attention to Mrs Thatcher any more. I certainly don't. Oh no.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

INSIGHT

Editor Had Affair With Prostitute

THE editor at the centre of the Death on the Rock controversy once had an affair with a known prostitute, we can reveal because we've copied it out of the *News of the World*.



This shocking revelation must cast doubt on all the pronouncements of Mr Andrew Neill on any subject ever, whether in print, on the radio or on television.

The prostitute, Mrs Proetta Bordes, told our reporters that she had lived with Neill for several months and had attacked his suits with a pair of scissors in a moment of erotic frenzy.

Mrs Bordes was known to have links with MPs, Arab gunrunners and even a Mr Donald Trelford, the famous snooker commentator of the *Observer*.

These sort of connections must make it clear that, as a witness to anything, Mr Andrew Neill is totally discredited and cannot be trusted on any matter of fact whatsoever.

Mr Donald Trelford – an apology

In our recent article NEILL — DON'T BELIEVE HIM! we may have inadvertently suggested that Mr Donald Trelford was the Editor of the *Observer*. We now accept ***(cont. p.94)***

COMING NEXT WEEK

The Gnome Book of Diana

by Andrew Mortonsofgarbage

Serialisation begins next week of the most sensational book ever published about the Royal Family. It will probably mean the end of the Monarchy. Called *Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales*, the book will reveal for the first time that:

- *Diana is a transvestite whose real name is Peregrine Worsthorne.*
- *Prince Charles has been having an affair for several years with his grandmother, Her Majesty the Queen Mother.*
- *A secret room in Buckingham Palace is the home of Lord Lucan, who is protected by the Queen because of his Royal Blood.*
- *The Duke of Edinburgh is now known to be the brother of the late Robert Maxwell.*
- *Princess Anne is secretly married to Spectator Columnist Jeffrey Bernard.*

All last week reporters from rival newspapers were struggling to confirm these amazing scoops.

Only *Private Eye* has the facts.

Order your copy now.

O&Y STILL CONFIDENT OVER BABEL PROJECT

by Our Property Correspondent **Ozzy Mandias**

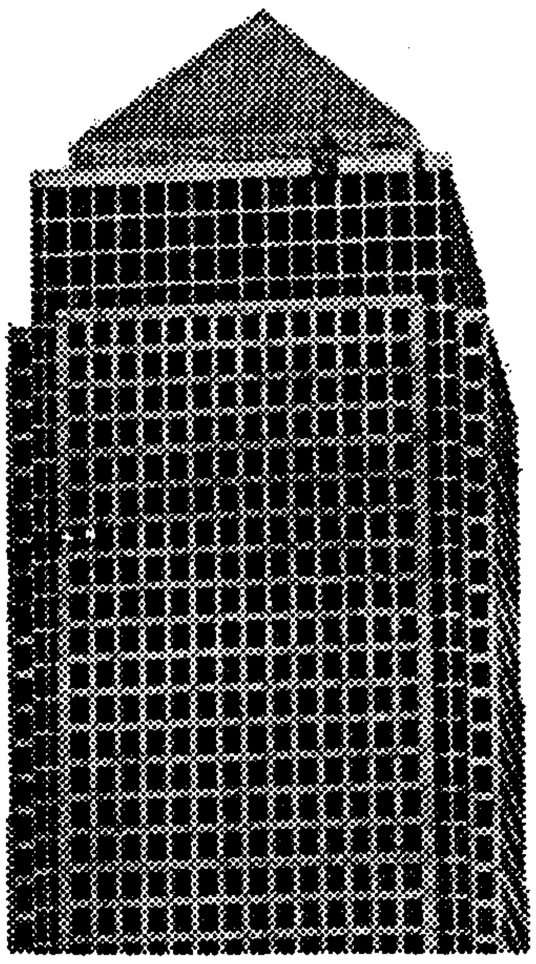
THE world's largest-ever commercial property project, the so-called Tower of Babel, will be finished on schedule, the builders pledged last night.

Their optimistic statement comes after growing speculation that the two-billion shekel project would have to be abandoned after the Brothers Reichmann admitted that they were going bust.

Oh Noah, Not Again

The project was originally launched 3,000 years ago in the time of the legendary ruler Queen Magi, who wished to commemorate her reign by seeing the world's tallest tower rise on the banks of the Thames.

It had been hoped that thousands of merchants would rush out to buy space in the Babel Tower, but, when the day came, the only takers were an eccentric band of scribes calling themselves the *Daily Telegraph*.

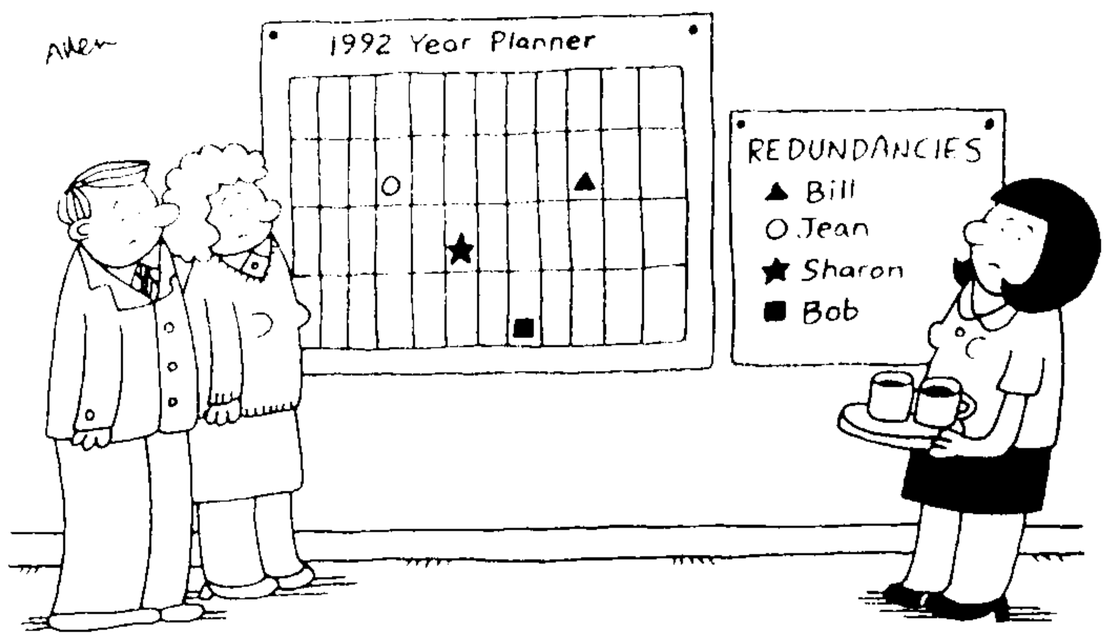


22 MAY ● THE SUNDAY TIMES

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	Stephen Hawking	2	4444
2	Bryan Appleyard	1	3
3	Nicholas Budgen	–	–
4	"Call" Nick Ross	2	12
5	"Call" Ross Perot	–	–
= 6	John Smith/Bryan Gould	2	46
8	Stan Gebler Davies	10	2
9	Sir Norman Fowler	–	–
10	Jacques Derrida	–	–

List compiled with the help of Radio 2 and the Institute for Contemporary Arts



MAD WOMAN ACQUITTED AFTER 11 YEARS INSIDE

by Our Legal Staff **Dr No X. Skuse**

A MENTALLY deranged woman was today allowed to walk free after spending 11 years of her life behind iron gates in the top-security No. 10 Downing Street.

It was revealed that crucial psychiatric evidence, showing that the woman was suffering from paranoid delusions and megalomania, had been withheld from the public throughout that time.

This ends one of the greatest scandals of modern times.

Maggie Out

The public was led to believe that the woman's long succession of wild claims was true. At different times, for instance, she admitted to having personally caused the death of Communism; to having put bombs under inflation and the Labour Party; and to having brought about the end of the Cold War.

But now the public is being given a very different picture — of a pathetic woman living in a dream world, unable to distinguish fact from fiction.

"BOMBER" HARRIS CONTROVERSY CONTINUES

by Our Air Raid Staff **Burt Lancaster and Olivia De Havilland**

THE "Bomber" Harris row looks set to run and run, as experts continue to argue about the exploits of the World War Two novelist.

Opponents maintain that in 1992 Robert Harris deliberately conducted a saturation bombing campaign on a defenceless Britain, unloading millions of tons of books in less than a week.

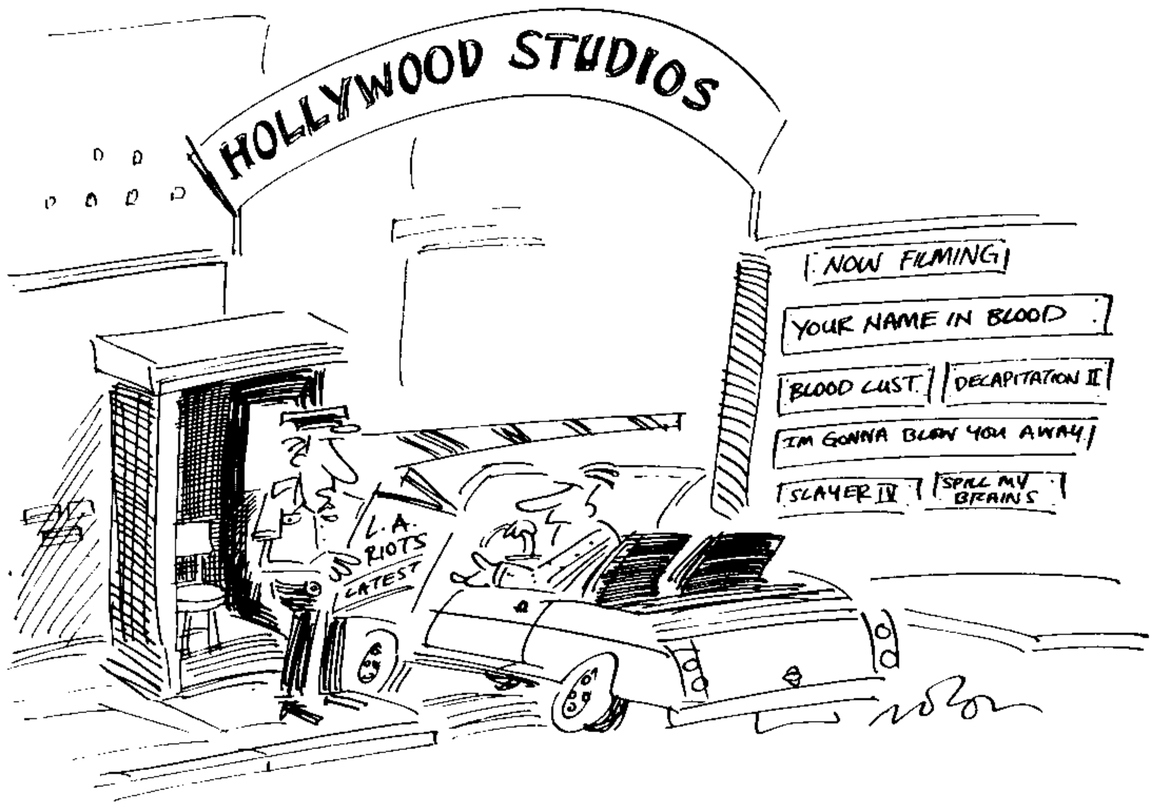
Making A Bomb

Eyewitnesses tell how they woke up to find airports, railway stations, newsagents and even bookshops buried under an avalanche of copies of *Fatherland*.

But supporters of "Bomber" say that this was a perfectly legitimate strategy. Said one former colleague, who served with Harris on Operation Nazi Bestseller: "He was only obeying his publisher's orders."

Last night the Queen Mother agreed to unveil a dumpbin outside Foyle's in the Charing Cross Road in memory of all those who made money out of the Second World War.

Adolf Hitler is 93.



"Morning, sir... Isn't all this violence just terrible?"

TV HIGHLIGHTS

Marlene – The Tribute

9.30 a.m. ***Cowgirl Out West*** *(1921. Black and white).* Marlene's first starring role in Walter Brosnick's romantic Western. Marlene plays Kitty Katey, who runs into trouble when she opens "The Golden McNugget" saloon. Co-stars the young Glen Wayne as Curly. Includes the hit song, *Give Them Cowpokes A Glass Of Red-Eye, Partner.*

11.20 a.m. ***Poppies In Picardy*** *(1927. Black and white).* Marlene's first serious role as nightclub hostess Zza-Zza who falls in love with injured German officer Colonel Hoffmeister (Engelbert von Karajan). A touching performance by Marlene under the firm direction of the ageing W.D. Hoover. Includes a reworking of Marlene's hit song, *Give Them Cowpokes A Glass Of Red-Eye, Partner.*

2.00 p.m. ***Bonjour, Mon Amour*** *(1961. Eastmancolor).* An ageless Marlene Dietrich steals the film with a brilliant cameo role in which she plays an ageless Hollywood actress. Written and directed by Bernard Matthieu, it includes a touching reprise of Marlene's hit song, *Give Them Cowpokes A Glass Of Red-Eye, Partner.*

5.00 p.m. ***DesWilson Rides Again*** *(1992. Colour).* There's political intrigue afoot when Marlene joins the Liberal Democrats in an attempt to push Proportional Representation to the top of the political agenda. *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

1.00 a.m. ***Electric Blue Angel*** *(1987. Colour).* Marlene appears as Basildon housewife Liz, who meets an Australian dentist and takes off her stockings...

(That's enough Tribute. Ed.)

PRISONS — NEW CRISIS

by Our Home Affairs Staff
Belmarsh Mooney

THE PRISON service was reeling last night after a shock report which forecasts that Britain's jails will soon be suffering from severe overcrowding.

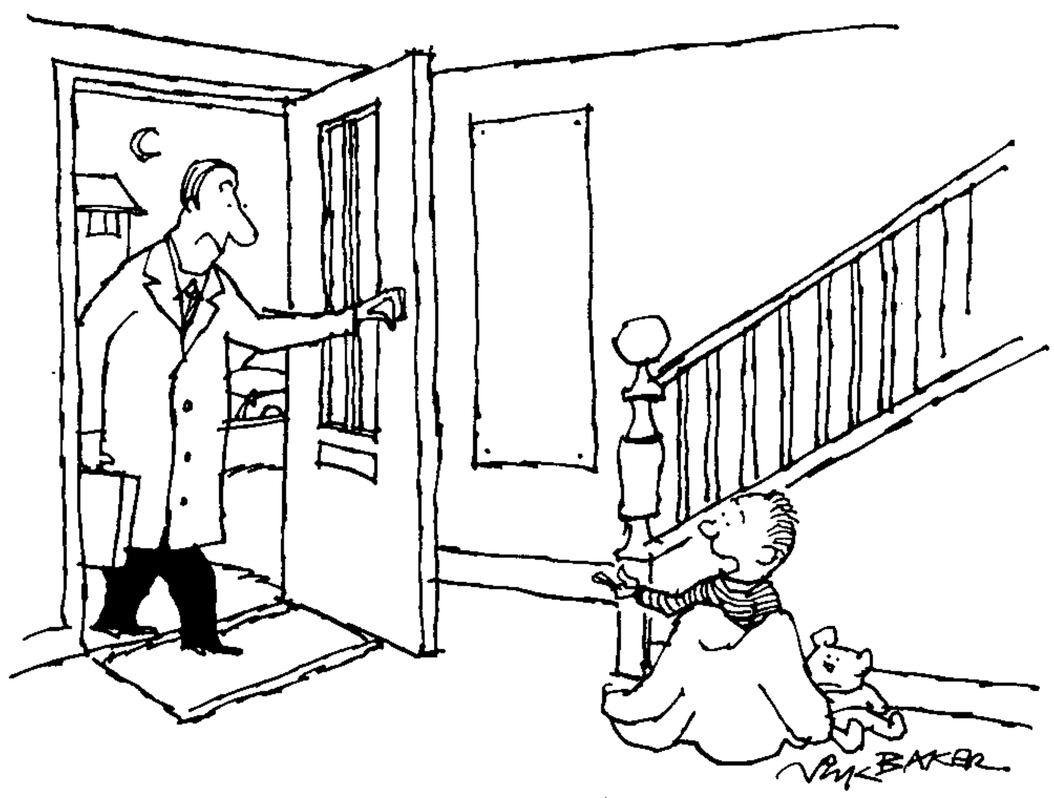
This comes in the wake of the Guildford Four, Birmingham Six, Maguire Seven, M62, Royaume Uni douze points, Ireland dix points, thank you Malmo *(That's enough Eurovision Song Contest. Ed.)*

With approximately 800 further cases of miscarriage of justice waiting to be heard, the report concludes that by 1997 there will be an unacceptable ratio of "none-to-a-cell" in many prisons.

The Government is now under pressure to start knocking down prisons in order to cope with the lack of demand. Prison officers are worried that they will be "unable to deal with the shortage in numbers".

Said one: "There is going to be a crisis in the prison service unless something drastic is done."

He continued: "There are hundreds of guilty policemen wandering the streets. Why can't they be put in here?"



"Got any spare change, Dad?"

Police to become accountable — Inspector Morse sacked

by Our Crime Staff
P.C. James

A SENIOR inspector in the Thames Valley CID has become the first victim of the government's new plans to improve police efficiency.

Inspector Morse, 54, has been removed from his post on the grounds of incompetence and replaced by the newly promoted Inspector "Robbie" Lewis, 47.

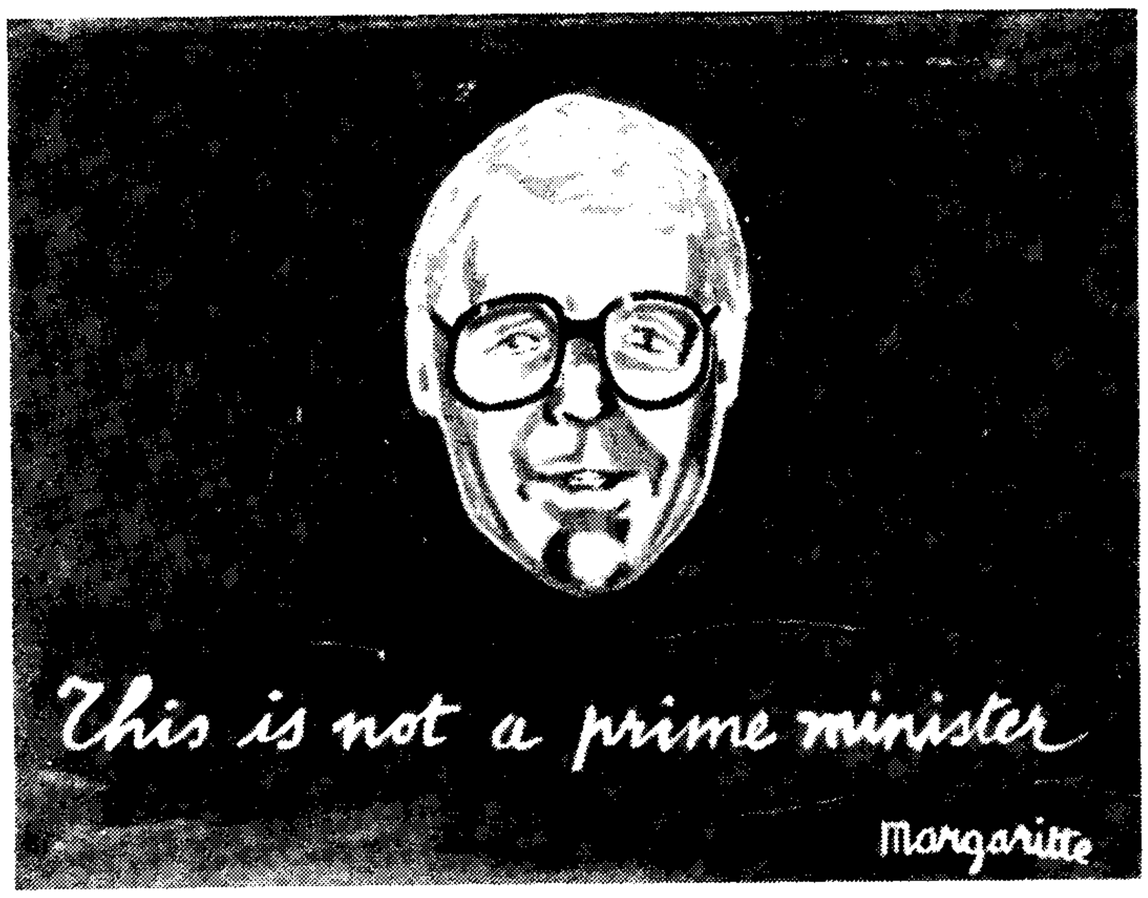
Said Lewis: "Morse was increasingly solving cases by luck rather than deduction. He was becoming erratic, more emotionally involved, and revealing more about his private life every time."

Morse's record in homicide had been subject to queries for some time. Said an anonymous fat senior officer — you know, the one in the office:

"He was mostly solving the wrong cases. It was all red herrings. By the time he found the killer, another five people would have died. Sometimes he was baffled for as long as two hours."

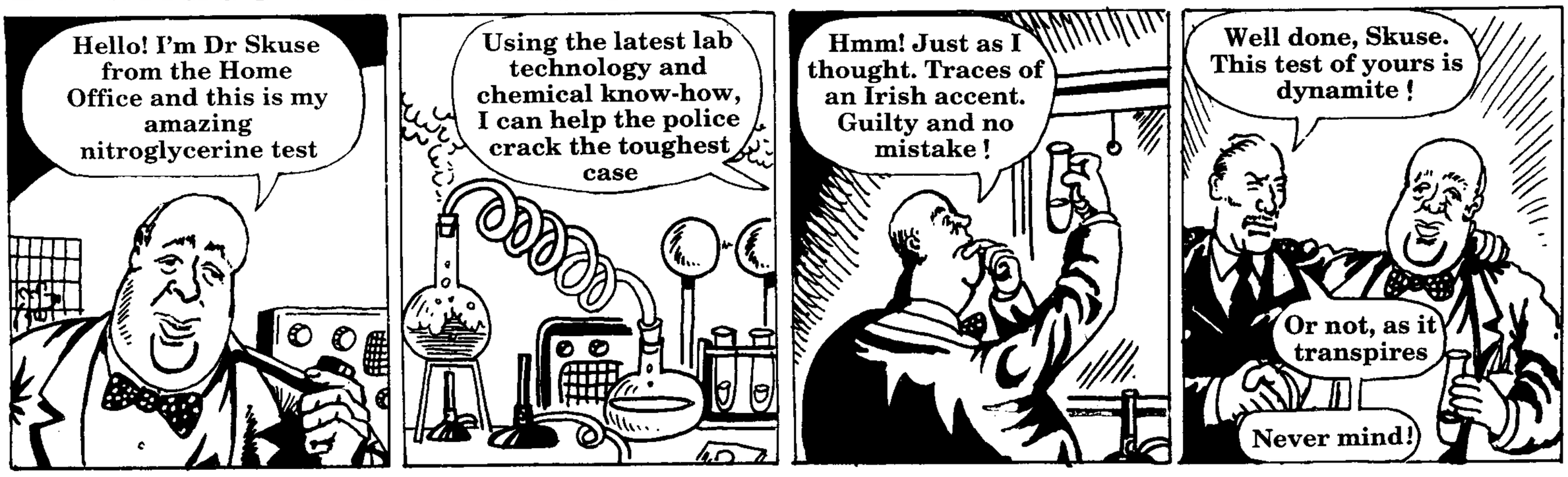
Police are now keen to stress the importance of patient, routine police work along the ex-Sergeant-Lewis lines, rather than beer-drinking, opera-loving, womanising, Jaguar-driving, crossword-solving *(That's enough Morse. Ed.)*

New exhibition by Margaritte



THE extraordinary surrealist world of Margaritte has a power to shock even now, *writes George Melly yet again.* In perhaps her best-known and most controversial work, *Ce n'est pas un Prime Minister*, Margaritte Thatcher captures the inherent contradictions between what seems to be a Prime Minister and yet what is no more than a representation, a shadow, a con-trick. Working firmly in the non-European tradition *(contd page 94).*

Dr Skuse's Incredible World of Forensic Science


Hello! I'm Dr Skuse from the Home Office and this is my amazing nitroglycerine test
Using the latest lab technology and chemical know-how, I can help the police crack the toughest case
Hmm! Just as I thought. Traces of an Irish accent. Guilty and no mistake!
Well done, Skuse. This test of yours is dynamite!
Or not, as it transpires
Never mind!

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles is visiting the remote Scottish isle of Mogg to make a new television documentary OCH, IT REALLY IS APPEALING.

Now read on...

CHARLES leaned on the rail of the SS Nicholas Fairbairn as the kilted pilot guided the little ferry boat through the early morning mist into the harbour of Glenmorangie on the remote isle of Mogg.

Beyond the harbour he could see the majestic heather-streaked peak of Ben Hill and dotted on its slopes the ancient stone crofts.

Yes, it was all coming back to him from his previous trip. There was the crofter's bed and breakfast where he had those delicious soda and kelp "scoones" baked personally by Mrs McHovis on her traditional *Macrowave,* as they called it in the Gaelic tongue.

As the boat edged closer to the port he spied the ancient Kirk of St Wogan, named after Ireland's most famous pilgrim saint who had made the precarious journey to Mogg in 803 AD sailing in a leather umbrella which had been miraculously preserved in the Celtic Folk Heritage Centre run by old Mrs Enid MacRothschild and (*Get on with it. Ed*)

And there on the quay itself were the local people waiting to greet him, standing respectfully behind the ITV camera crew, one of whom was holding up a large sheet of cardboard on which was scrawled "Good evening. Smile. I am very happy to be here again."

Charles dutifully read out the greeting as directed, thinking perhaps that the word "Smile" was rather out of place in the script.

The director, sporting a baggy Arran sweater and tight leather tartan trousers, obviously agreed.

"Can we do it again, Sire?" he called through a loudhailer, "and lose the 'Smile' this time."

Charles obliged, eager to please the television people whom he had invited to join him in his lonely Caledonian vigil. After only a few more takes, the director was satisfied and Charles disembarked.

To his amazement he found Diana standing there wearing a baseball hat with the words "Selina Scott" on it. She was also holding a microphone and clipboard. For a moment he thought he was having another of his daydreams, but no, there could be no doubt, it really was her. Obviously working incognito with the crew. But how very agreeable to see her all the same, especially since she was being so nice.

"Your Royal Highness, how very honoured we are to be allowed to accompany you on your historic trip. Our first port of call is Mrs Oonagh MacDempster, who is celebrating her 110th birthday."

"Isn't that wonderful?" Charles enthused. "You see, it's the lifestyle of these simple folk that gives them an amazing longevity. It's all organic potatoes and natural seaweed. My old friend Sir Laurens van der Post put it so well in his book *The Low Calorie Kalahari Bushmen's Cookbook*. What was it he said? 'A banana a day keeps the doctor away.'"

For once Diana seemed genuinely interested in Sir Laurens's apothegm and asked Charles to repeat it into the tape-recorder.

"That's very true, Your Majesty," said the director, Jeremy, "especially when you think about it."

Presently they arrived at the humble croft of Mrs MacDempster. The aged beldame sat surrounded by her large family who had crammed into the small space left in the front room after the camera crew had set up.

The eldest son, a brawny redhaired fellow with hands the size of dinner plates, beamed at his Royal visitor.

"Ye'll tak a wee grikky of suddi malt usquebaugh, will ya noo, ma bonny Laird?"

"Er... yes it is indeed... very warm for the time of year."

The family all laughed and Charles accepted a sheepskin flagon of what appeared to be steaming broth.

"Here's to ye, ye cream-faced loon," said another of the sons, raising his goblet and downing its contents in one.

Charles felt all eyes on him as he swallowed the acrid yet rather pleasant liquid. What was it? Some sort of herbal crab tea or heather soup perhaps? Charles felt slightly dizzy. Probably because of the altitude thingie, but did his best to decipher the words of a humorous Scottish limerick which were written on another of the cardboard sheets which Diana was now holding up behind the camera. She was smiling and nodding encouragingly. "Oh *do* read it out, Sire," she soothed. "It'll be *so* funny."

The family waited expectantly, swigging their usquebaugh heartily and munching on legs of roast sheep.

"Oh all right then, here goes...

There was an old man of
Lochnagar, er...
Who sometimes went too far,
Er...He was fond of his uncle,
But not of the monstrous carbuncle,
That funny old chap of Lochnagar."

After a moment's silence Jeremy held up another sign which had the word APPLAUD written on it. The crofters obligingly began to clap and stamp their feet. As the evening progressed Charles obliged the Clan MacDempster further by emptying his flagon of usquebaugh and joining in countless traditional toasts of "Kill the Sassenachs". As he felt increasingly drowsy he mused that the sea air was obviously having an effect on him. Perhaps he would put off his watercolour of the stone dolmen of Drambuie until tomorrow...

UNUSUALLY, Diana was up early. It must be the sea air again, Charles thought, and she even suggested they took a walk along the beach. They really should spend more time together. It was really sort of quite a therapeutic thingie, you know.

As the lathered foam crashed against the grey shingle and the silver-crested worsthorne peregrines screeched overhead, Charles and his willowy blonde companion walked pensively across the sands of Gowrie. They were entirely alone, apart from Jeremy and the eighteen crew perched precariously in the Range Rover driving alongside them.

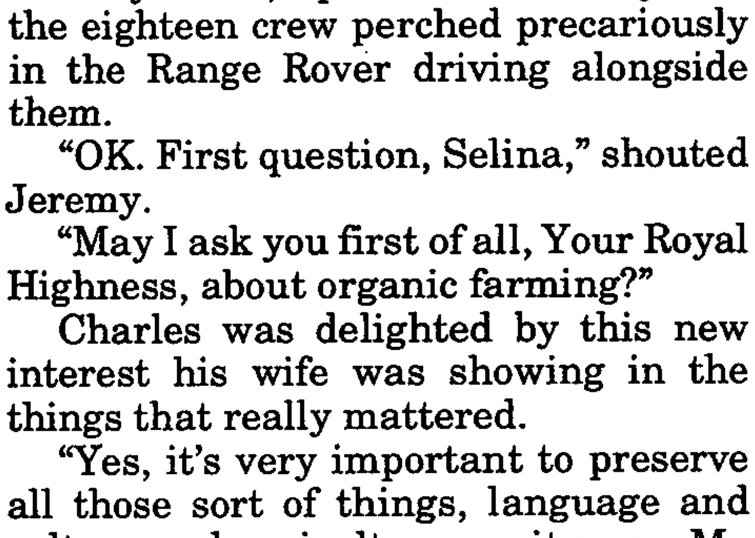
"OK. First question, Selina," shouted Jeremy.

"May I ask you first of all, Your Royal Highness, about organic farming?"

Charles was delighted by this new interest his wife was showing in the things that really mattered.

"Yes, it's very important to preserve all those sort of things, language and culture and agriculture, as it were. My friend Dr Barkworth..."

"Cut!" Jeremy's voice interrupted his flow. "That's a wrap on the organic farming. Can you do some of your painting now, Sire, while the light's still good? Sit in shot, Selina, and we'll do the noddies later. It's all gone awfully well!"



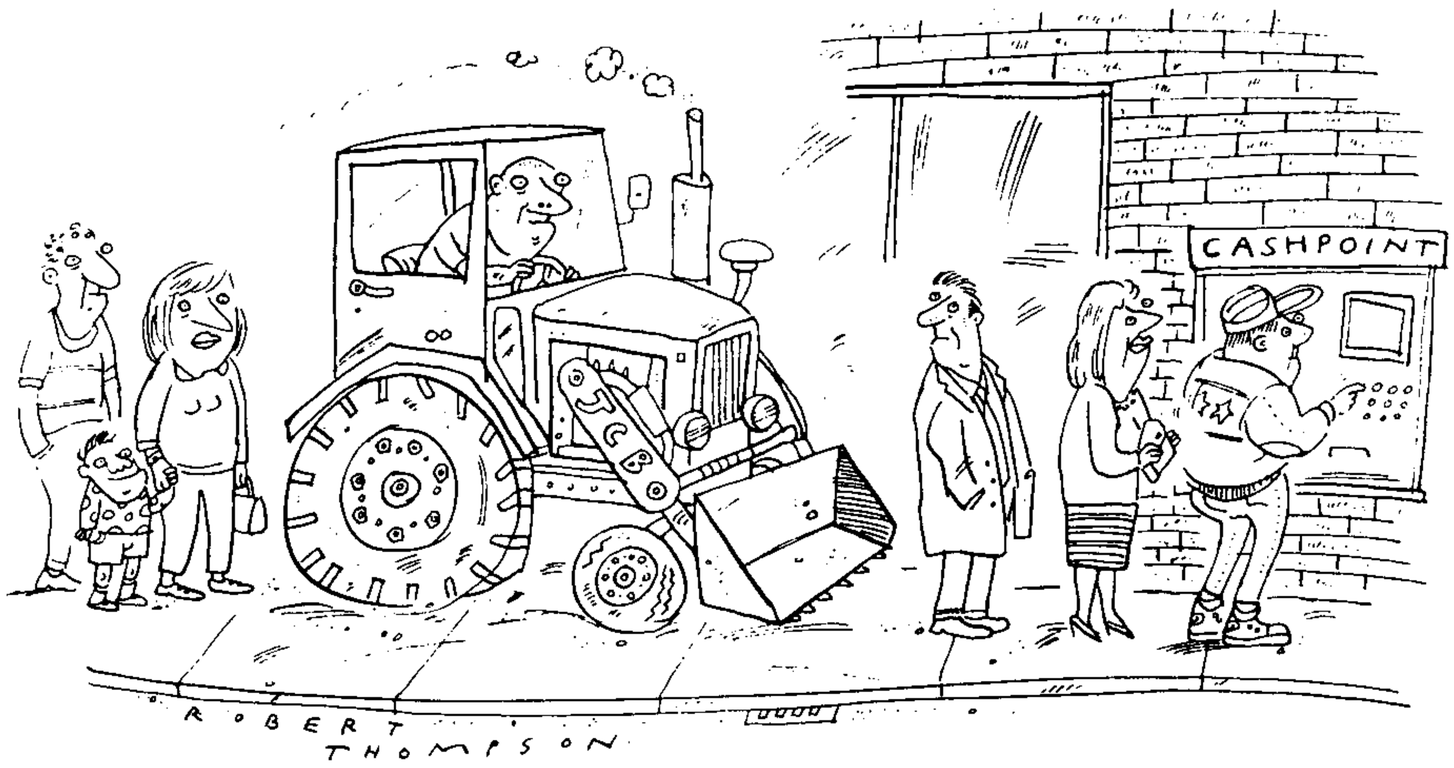
IT had all gone awfully well, Charles thought as he sat later that day in the kitchen of the Auld Jonah Junor Guest Hoos, Mogg's only hostelry. He was sitting watching the Isle of Sky News beamed by satellite to the huge dish on the farm roof that was swaying in the Force 9 gale outside.

The picture was not clear but there could be no doubt about what the newsreader was saying:

"In part two: Princess Diana takes a dip before visiting the Pyramids."

And there she was, unmistakably her, swimming in Egypt. And yet there she was again, eating her high tea, smiling, and sitting next to him in the Guest Hoos. It was absolutely incredible! It was a sort of doppelganger thing that you read about in *Reader's Digest*! Could someone be in two places at once? Was it supernatural? He would have to ring Sir Laurens as soon as he got back to the mainland.

(To be continued)



MAN IN THE EYE

I meet the man they call Mister Fun

by Valerie Grovel

WHAT is he really like — the brilliant, music-loving, football-crazed polymath they are calling the Tories' Minister of Fun?

When I met David Mellor, I found him sitting at his desk beneath a 14-foot specially commissioned oil-painting of Arsenal's winning goal in the 1971 Cup Final.

In itself this gives a clue to the kind of man he is — equally at home in the world of oil paintings, football and sitting at his desk.

"I am really enjoying my new job," says the 42-year-old new minister for everything from oil paintings to football.

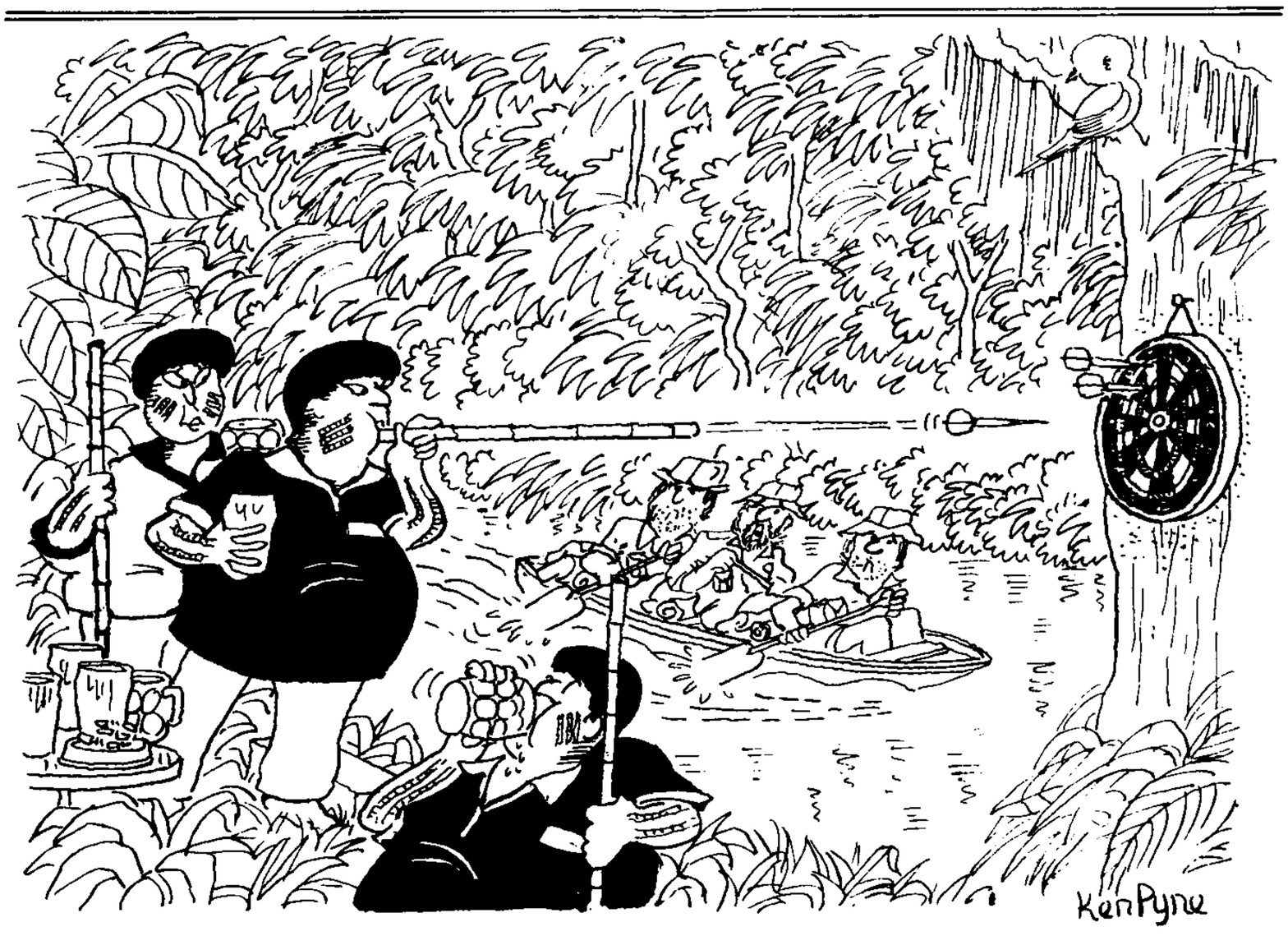
My first question to him was "I have read in the cuttings that you have the largest collection of CDs in Putney. Is this true?"

"Yes, I've read the same thing," he laughed — for he is a man who laughs easily, as you would expect from a man who is equally at home listening to CDs or watching a football match.

But make no mistake — he is no oil painting. In fact he looks more like a CD — or possibly a football.

I laugh easily *(contd p. 94)*.

NEXT WEEK: Valerie Grovel talks to Mrs J.R. Hartley on the pleasures and perils of being married to Britain's premier fly-fisherman.



"It's quite tragic the way they've been westernised"

Exclusive To All Newspapers

WOMAN GOES FOR SWIM

by Our Swimsuit Staff **Juan Piece and B. Keeny**

IN one of the most extraordinary incidents since the world began, a 30-year-old young woman was yesterday seen to stand on the edge of a swimming pool and then to jump in.

Wearing only a swimsuit, she then swam two lengths of the pool and got out.

Finally, she dried herself on a towel and went inside to change into her clothes.

It was UNBELIEVABLE. No one has ever seen anything like it since the world began.

© *ITN and Everyone Else*

ON OTHER PAGES

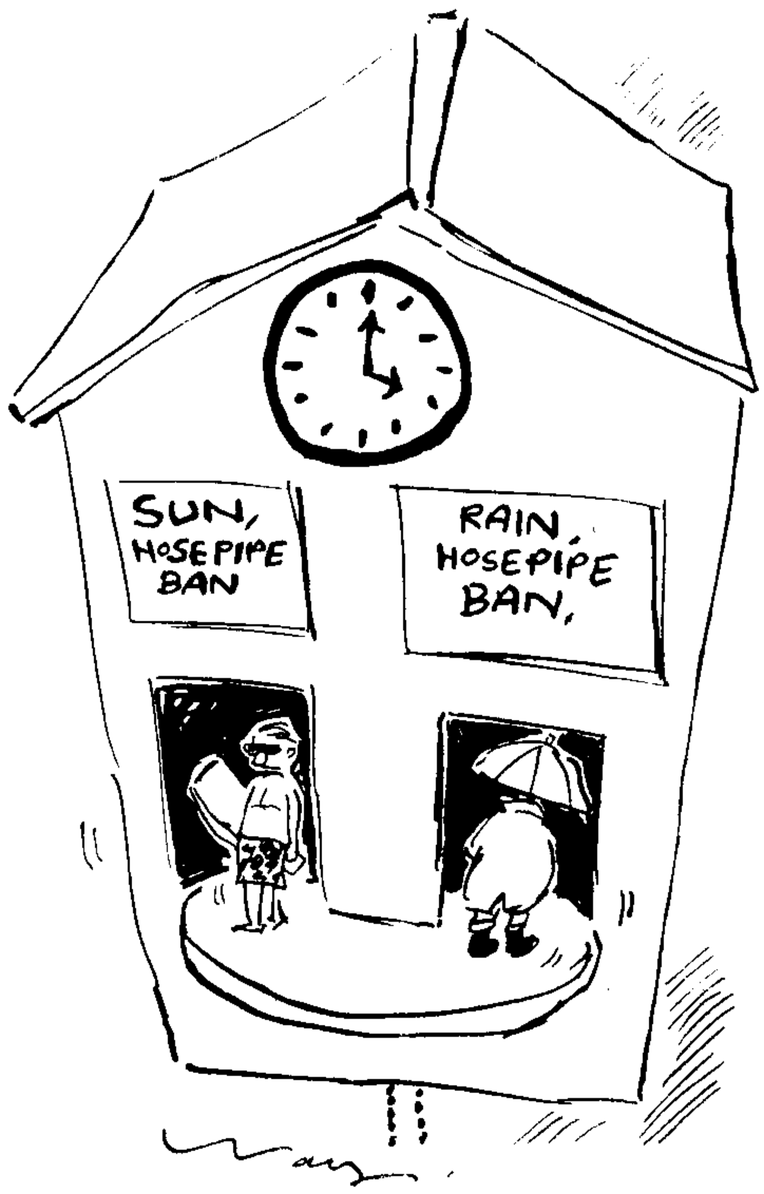
Why These Shocking Pictures Should Never Have Been Printed p6

More Exclusive Pics Of Woman Going For Swim p7

Why The Evil Men Who Published These Pictures Should Be Sacked p8

Leave Fergie Alone, says Peter McKay p10

Pathetic Cartoon by Jak p12



PETER McLIE

The World's Worst Columnist

NO WONDER the Queen is against Europe. For the point that no one has yet made is this. If we all become Europeans, what will be left for the Queen to do?

Not very much, I fear. She would be reduced to opening hospitals and going to the races.

Just like she does now!

Isn't life grand?

☐ **HAVE you seen that new programme on the TV they're all talking about?**

Well, I watched it myself from start to finish — and I had to switch it off in the middle.

If this is all there is on television, no wonder people have nothing to talk about!

☐ *WHAT a grand building Canary Wharf is, to be sure.*

No wonder business folk are flocking to move in.

It all goes to show that there are some things Britain still does best.

So let's hear less about the recession from people like Fergie.

☐ **WHAT a fine show is** *Aspects of Love*.

Rollicking tunes. Foot-tapping dance routines. And gorgeous girls galore.

Mark my words — this is one Andrew Lloyd Webber hit that will never close.

☐ *HAVE you noticed these large red vehicles that now go up and down the streets in London?*

Apparently for just a few bawbees you can take a ride in them to a whole variety of destinations.

Why has nobody thought of this before. Doesn't it make one despair of our political leaders?

(You're fired. Ed.)

THE GALWAY

LORD'S PRAYER

Our father, who art in Galway,
Casey be thy name.
Give us this day a load of bread
Or we may have to go public.
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us the cheque.
And remember, we've got the video.

Amen

(To be repeated daily over the telephone until money arrives)

Queen's Euro-Speech in full

(with simultaneous translation by **Miles Kington**)

Mesdames, Messieurs. C'est un grand pleasure pour moi et mon mari d'être here en Strasbourg, or peut-être Maastricht. ***(Tout le monde laugh sycophantically)*** **Aujour d'hui I want to give you une message, loud and clear. Ich bin ein European!** ***(Tout le monde cheer wildly)*** **Dans le past certain autre femmes may have donnée the impression que Angleterre is against le great European vision. Je refer, of course, à Madame Thatch!** ***(Encore de laughter sycophantique)*** **Well, elle n'est pas reine encore!** ***(Cries of "Sacre blue! Ici, ici!" from M. Jacques Delors in front row)*** **Maintenant nous avons un new commitment à ce grand adventure de la United Europe. This is because nous avons un new prime minister qui s'appelle Jean Major.** ***(Cries of "qui lui?")*** **What je veux dire à vous est que le Westminster parliament est très clapped out et fini. La future belongs avec le glorious EC et le even more glorious Ecu. Je suis particularement keen sur le narrow band de la ERM, comme M. Hurd has asked me to say. Le train d'Europe est moving — and all I can say is j'espere que je suis dans le royal carriage.** *© D. Hurd*

Great Bores Of Today.

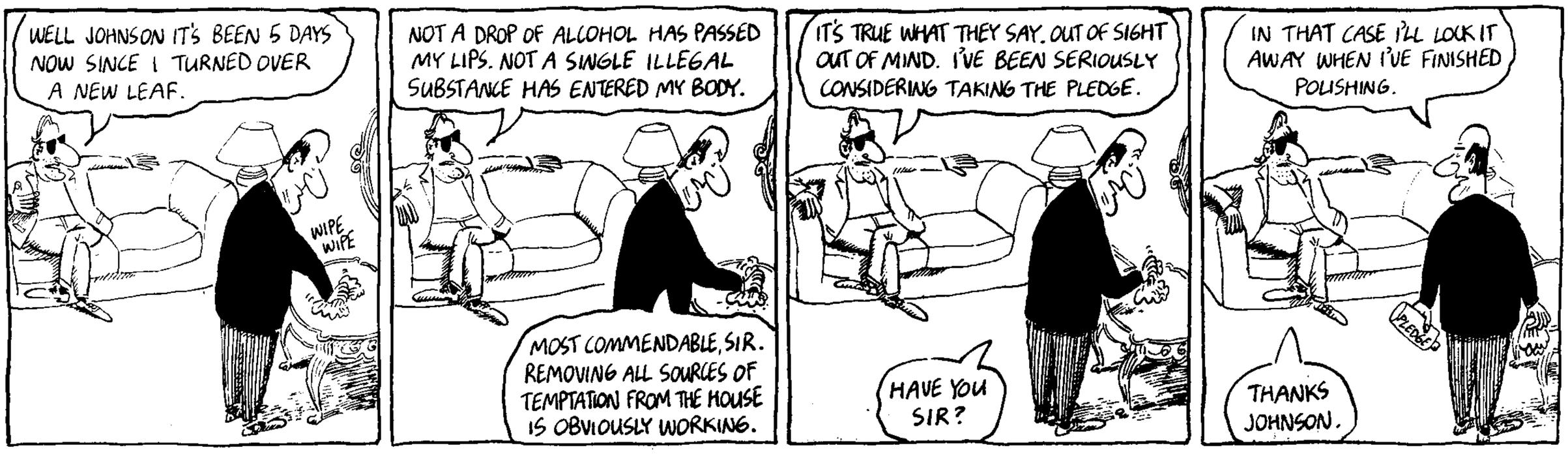
"... look at what's happening in Denmark it's all part of a pattern this Euro dream will never happen I always said it was a mistake you can't take away national characteristics look at the Germans they were supposed to be the linchpin of it all but now even they are worried and the French I mean Le Pen he's no European and the Italians I mean I think Maggie's right she talks a lot of sense and most people in Britain and Europe too come to that agree with her no way is there going to be a common currency and as for the federal state forget it no the public has realised that all the EC amounts to is these faceless bureaucrats interfering I met this man who runs a pork scratching business near Kidderminster and he had to close it down because of the new flavouring regulations they've brought in typical and it's the same story right across the board I always said the Common Market would end in tears they'd give their right arm for our Royal Family er..."

Kate Murphy, who works in a needle exchange for drug users in Glasgow, said: "Which is the lesser evil — a patient refused care by a nurse or a patient receiving reluctantly given care? We have all seen it. How do you treat the druggie, the drunk, the dirty old man, the minister for health? As a patient, I would rather the nurse didn't treat me at all rather than treated me like dirt."

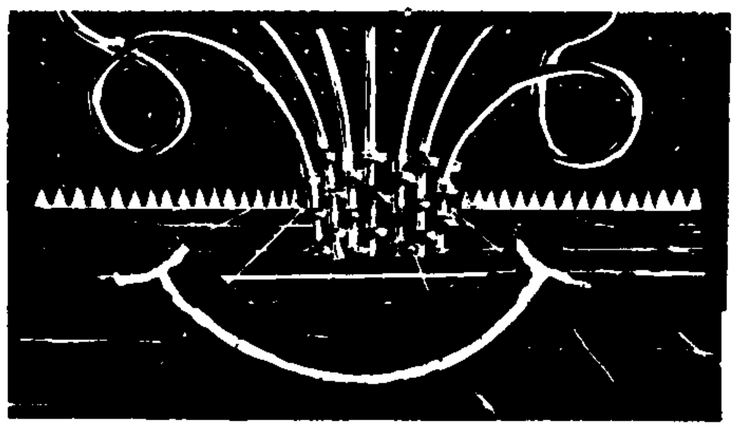
Grauniad

Celeb

LIGGER


WELL JOHNSON IT'S BEEN 5 DAYS NOW SINCE I TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF.
WIPE WIPE
NOT A DROP OF ALCOHOL HAS PASSED MY LIPS. NOT A SINGLE ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE HAS ENTERED MY BODY.
MOST COMMENDABLE, SIR. REMOVING ALL SOURCES OF TEMPTATION FROM THE HOUSE IS OBVIOUSLY WORKING.
IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY. OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND. I'VE BEEN SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING TAKING THE PLEDGE.
HAVE YOU SIR?
IN THAT CASE I'LL LOCK IT AWAY WHEN I'VE FINISHED POLISHING.
PLEDGE
THANKS JOHNSON.

DIARY



EDWARD DE BONO

Allow me to introduce myself within a self-introductory mode-allowance framework. Not only am I the Director, Supervisor, Attention-Flow Administrator and Founder of the newly-formed Organisation for Cognitive Research Approach Precepts (CRAP), currently advising representatives from many different international countries, including Indonesia and Finland. But I am also world-renowned on a stratal-design-out-come-mode basis as the originator of both Lateral Thinking — of which more later — and, more recently, Triangular Thinking.

What Is Triangular Thinking?

This is a triangle (supra-diagram A):

Supra-diagram A: a "triangle"

It can be recognised by its three sides, all joined together. It is similar to a square. But with one less side. With two less sides, it would be just a straight line. But it has three sides. So it is a triangle. Not a circle, which arguably has no straight lines. But a triangle.

So What Exactly Is Triangular Thinking?

Take an example.

A person — let us say you — has a bank account. There is money in that bank account.

Another person — let us say ME — has another bank account. Or a variety of bank accounts in places where he is recognised as one of the great original philosophers and thinkers of our time and whose governments beseech him to educate their people.

Let us recap.

For the sake of this dialogue-mode-perception-design-conflict-paradigm, there are two major bank accounts. MINE and YOURS. These are two sides of the triangle. But a triangle has three sides.

So What Is The Third Side?

The third side represents the flow of money from one bank account (YOURS) to the other bank account (MINE). And what I offer you in return is any of my thirty different books, translated into twenty-four languages, read by a great many people who occupy senior positions in such countries as Finland or Indonesia. The sooner all the people of all the countries in world adapt to

Triangular Thinking

the sooner the Strata-Happiness-Intercognitive-Therapy (SHIT) I have been preaching will come to fruition.

Nothing can happen until something happens. Something happening cannot be nothing. But when something happens, nothing cannot happen. The happening is nothing if not something, yet nothing is happening. Or something.

For the past two thousand years, Western civilisation has foundered on the outdated thought-conflict-mode based on the I-am-right-you-are-wrong syndrome.

The time has come for a radical reappraisal of the very way in which we think.

This is why I have set up the Union of Taskforces Teaching Educative Re-thinking of Corporate and Rational Appraisal Paradigms (UTTERCRAP) which has already attracted widespread international interest from such countries as Indonesia and also Finland.

Some concepts are so simple and beautiful that they appear complex. One such concept is UTTERCRAP.

Imagine two men locked in an arm-wrestle (supra-diagram "B")

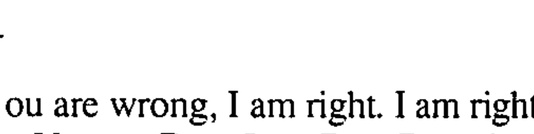
Supra diagram "B": Two men locked in an arm-wrestle

Each is struggling with all his collective strength to beat the other, but really there is a no-win situation in which victory will only come to the man who is not beaten, and that is no victory at all.

The concept of UTTERCRAP would teach them a radical reappraisal of the situation in which they found themselves.

Instead of arm-wrestling, they could use their arms for a productive, progressive, forward-looking-mode-opportunity design idiom.

As you can see from Supra-diagram "C": SOLUTION, these two men would be exerting less negative energy-mode clash-units were they to instead employ the UTTERCRAP design-virtue process.



Supra-diagram "C": SOLUTION: Two men writing out cheques crossed to "Citizen of the World E. de Bono"

Simple everyday problems can be solved by unlocking the side of our brain which houses what I have termed the Basic Attitude Lateral Logic Sequence (BALLS). For instance, how to brush your hair without releasing valuable energy via use of the hand: simply place your hairbrush in a carpenter's vice, then turn your head upside down and move it back and forth across the hairbrush. This is now the accepted method for brushing your hair in countries as diverse as Finland on the one hand and Indonesia on the other.

You are wrong, I am right. I am right you are wrong. You are Ron, I am Reg. But who is he?

A true story. Earlier this year, the highly successful Swedish Prime Minister, Olaf Palme, telephoned me at my recently-formed Institute of Interstrata-Fulfillment Bureau.

"You are not only the author of twenty-eight books translated into thirty-nine world-famous languages," he confided, "but you are international renowned as the creator of new words for new situations." This is a view shared by many top figures in the world today, including leading representatives of the governments of many prominent countries, including Finland and Indonesia.

New words for new situations have never been more important than they are now, when I have a new book to sell. Among these new words for new situations are:

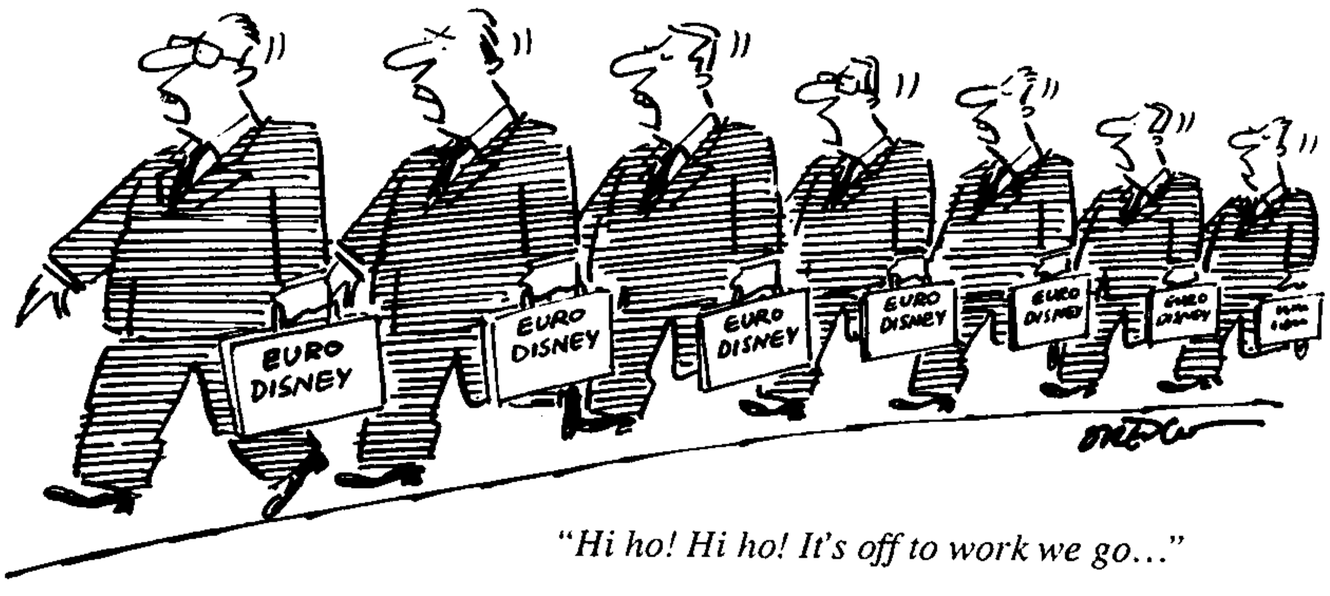
Attitude-deconflict: The only solution to strategy-attitude.

Deconflict-perceptualisation: Greater perceptualisation of a deconflict situation will give rise to the right attitude.

Perceptualisation-strategy: A strategy for greater perceptualisation will result in an adjustable attitude-deconflict.

High-strategy-yield-attitude: The only solution to attitude-deconflict.

High-yield-deposit-account: The right environment for the end product of Gullible Response Syndrome.



"Hi ho! Hi ho! It's off to work we go..."

"This contest should be a good-natured debate that should be seen as part of the renewal process the Labour party now needs. It should not be about personalities.

"The party expects us to behave left, civilised way and, of cou we are all good colleagues and so will find it

The Times

1.05 am Movie: Lets Love Each Other (1987) (Serbia/Croatia) (AO).
2.35 Close.

Courier Messenger

5.10-5.35pm Archer's Goon
NEW The first in a six-part children's drama.
The Goon comes to Howard's house demanding Archer's £2,000. But who is Archer?

Radio Times

Literary Review

History as bunk

English Music
Peter Ackroyd
(Hamish Hamilton, £15.99)

PETER Ackroyd has been very careful to identify himself with the great tradition of English literature. He aims high: his biographies of T.S. Eliot and Dickens demonstrate that he isn't going to be overawed by anyone else's genius. (*Dickens* wasn't so much a biography as a process of self-identification).

His fiction — *Hawksmoor*, about the eighteenth-century architect, or *Chatterton*, "about" the eighteenth-century poet and *pasticheur* — show off his skills at imitation if nothing else, regurgitating the past so that we can think, when we're reading him, that we're cleverer than we actually are — and that Ackroyd is cleverer than he actually is.

Now, with *English Music*, Ackroyd tries to express the entire range of English aesthetic thought from the Middle Ages to the present day, and he is way out of his depth, so much so that you wonder how on earth it ever got published. He's always been a bit keen on the self-referential, post-modernist stuff: here, he doesn't so much gaze at his navel as disappear up his own bottom.

The story is a simple one. Timothy Harcombe is the son of a faith healer with intellectual pretensions. (He asks his child to look up the word "palimpsest" early on, which is the kind of behaviour social services are on the look-out for these days.) His grandparents take him away and send him to school. He befriends a crippled boy called Campion. He goes back to his father and resumes his former life as his assistant. He works in an art gallery. He goes back to his father, who has since joined the circus as a magician — the job he had before Timothy was born. His father cures Campion and dies as a result. Timothy stays on in the circus until his grandparents die. The end.

This is unexceptional enough, not much worse than most of the pap we are asked to believe is good, contemporary fiction. But what makes the book so dismal are the visions that Timothy has in between chapters. These are cut-and-paste jobs of the history of Eng lit., with Timothy as the hero. He dreams he meets the cast of *Alice in Wonderland* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. He dreams he meets Charles Dickens, and gives away the plot of *Great Expectations* to Pip. He meets Hogarth, William Byrd, Daniel Defoe, Yorick from *Tristram Shandy*. Every person he meets bangs on about "English Music", the continuity of the English race and its thought.

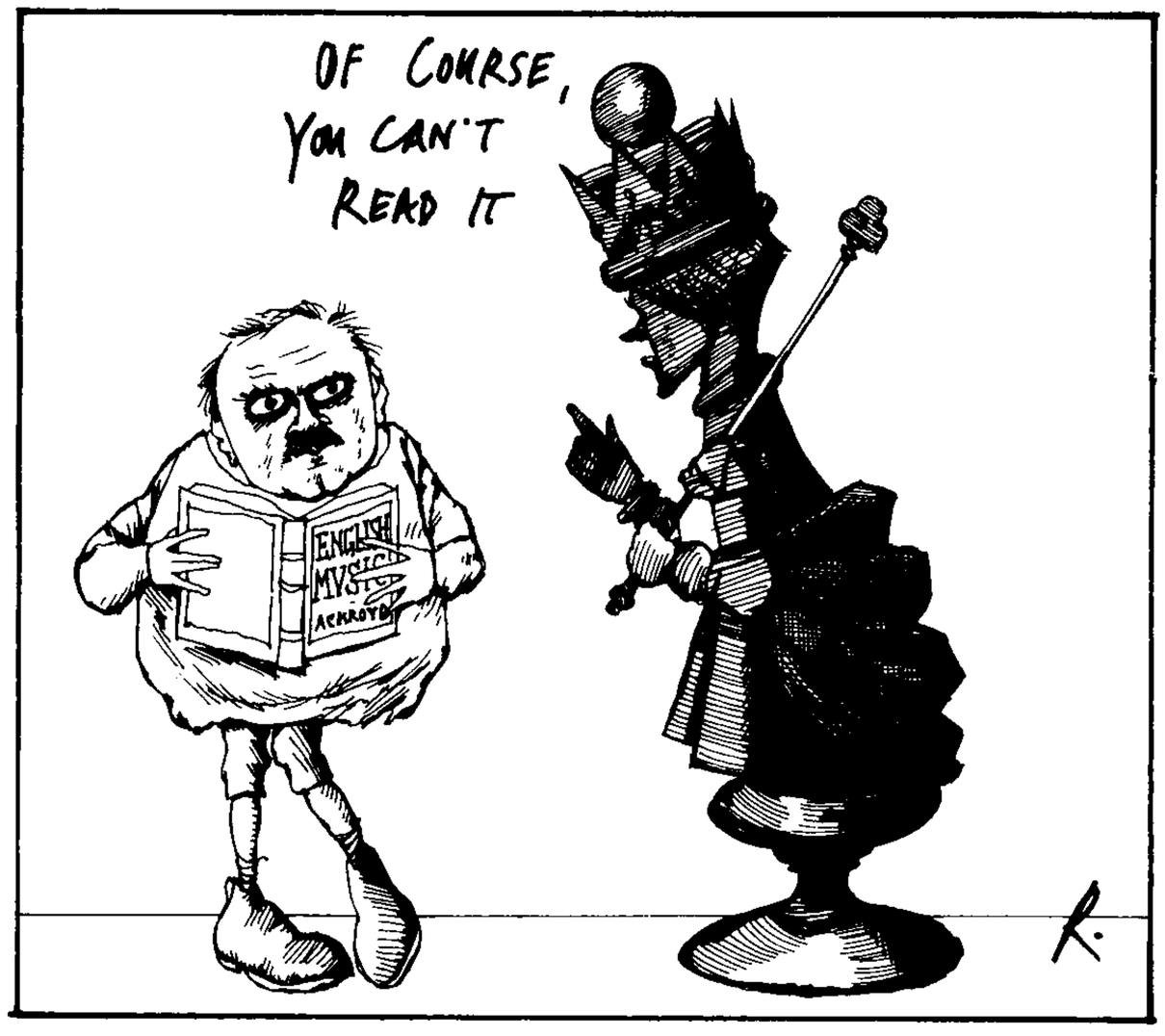
We were warned something like this might happen in the acknowledgements. "The scholarly reader," he says, "will soon realise that I have appropriated passages from Thomas Browne, Thomas Malory, William Hogarth, Thomas Morley, Lewis Carroll, Samuel Johnson, Daniel Defoe and many other English writers; the alert reader will understand why I have done so."

The alert reader shouldn't have any problem working that one out. The alert reader will understand that Ackroyd has "appropriated" the thought and prose of these writers because they read better than his.

There is a gloriously daft section in tin-eared blank verse pinched from Blake, in which he runs through the A-level syllabus and murders it. This is what he has Keats say: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,/The imagination is not a state, it is the shape of human existence./Nature has no outline but the imagination itself,/For language is eternity, issuing from the lips of Albion."

The sad thing is that this is what passes for thought in *English Music*. For Ackroyd, literature is a collection of postures which he adapts towards his own daffy theories. All *English Music* says is "I've read this, and this, and this. Aren't I clever?" You might wonder how Ackroyd, a master of the art of critical log-rolling and back-scratching, is going to get out of this one.

As if anticipating some unfriendly reviews, he has the Red Queen say, early on: "Of course you can't read it. It's a looking-glass book. You're only meant to hold it and *look* as if you've read it. That is the meaning of criticism." Oooh! If this is what Ackroyd really thinks, he should resign as the *Times*'s chief book reviewer.



BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ **ONE OF THE least charismatic people in publishing, Sir Roger Elliott, is eagerly looking forward to a peerage when he shortly retires from being secretary to the delegates and chief executive of Oxford University Press, one of our leading publishing houses and charitable institutions.**

Elliott has just relinquished the position of treasurer of the Publishers Association and been elected vice-president.

His period in office as treasurer coincided with the withdrawal from membership of the PA of the mighty Reed International group, which deprived the quango of 10 percent of its annual income. Elliott had the humiliating task of asking members to make up the deficit of £169,000.

Under the previous secretary of OUP, George Richardson, Elliott was chairman of the delegates' finance committee. When Richardson retired in 1988, Elliott was one of the team appointed to select his successor. A number of distinguished academics were considered, and so was Richard Charkin, head of the Press's academic division and a proper, ambitious publisher. After innumerable interviews, the appointments team sorrowfully decided that no one they'd seen was fit for the task. At this point Elliott had the brilliant idea of saving the Press by volunteering his own services.

Could the fact that Reed International withdrew its labour and finances from the Publishers Association have anything to do with the fact that its executive director is the man who was done out of the OUP job that should rightfully have been his by Sir Roger Elliott. Richard Denis Paul Charkin?

■ BOB SCOTT, the man leading Manchester's bid to host the Olympics, last week lashed out at *The Lords of the Rings*, the book that lifts the lid on the world of Olympic fascists, freeloaders and conmen, when he wrote a grovelling letter to Juan Antonio Samaranch, the old career fascist who heads the International Olympic Committee (see last *Eye*.)

Scott dissociated himself and Manchester "from this absurd book". But his response astonished the book's authors who had spent many happy hours taping the outspoken Mancunian's pithy and frequently disparaging views on some of the IOC members and their leader.

The IOC, meanwhile, has come up with a novel way to combat these new allegations about the committee. Container loads of *Times* sports hack David Miller's "authorised biography" of Samaranch, due next month, are expected to be shipped around the world — at great profit no doubt to Miller and Pavilion Books — to get the "true" story on the record.

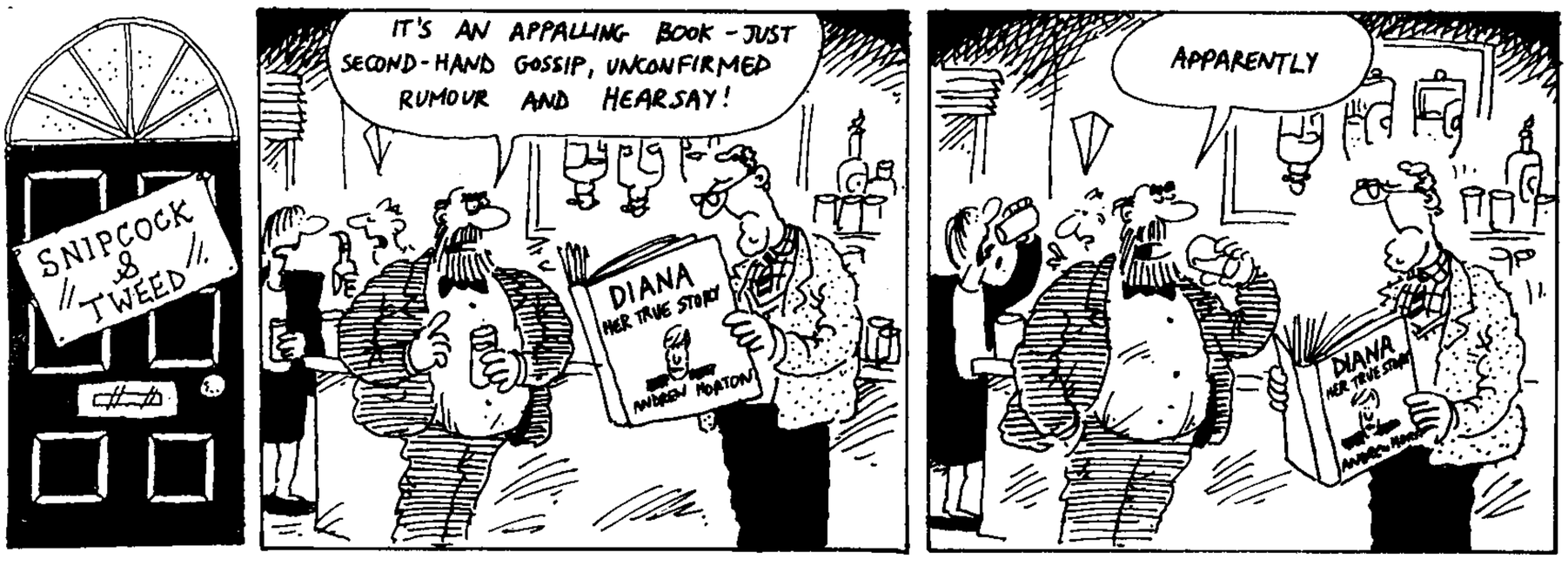
Miller has also used the columns of the *Times* in an apparent attempt to sabotage the sales of *The Lords of the Rings*, writing that "the IOC has initiated legal proceedings against the book." This is untrue.

☐ *AT THE annual Booksellers Association conference in Glasgow last week, the Publishers Association's president, Paul Scherer of Transworld, made a plea for a judicious use by both publishers and booksellers of "sale or return", the means by which sellers order more copies of books than they think they can sell on the understanding that publishers will, sooner or later, and usually sooner, take them back without cost.*

Waterstone's, a subsidiary of W.H. Smug, has recently entered into agreements with a few publishers — those mostly (no names, no writs) either not very adept at selling books or those who think they're doing the world a favour by publishing what they do — whereby they will receive even larger discounts than booksellers do at present on the understanding that they cannot return any of the books. Whether this will result in Waterstone's stocking fewer books than hitherto remains to be seen

It took good old Sir Simon Hornby (ex-Eton, Harvard Business School and the Guards) to urge that no books should be sold "sale or return". He lectured publishers on publishing fewer titles. All of which might have had more authority if the selection of titles to be found in Smug's emporia, of which Hornby has been chairman since 1982, was slightly above the level it is, both in quality and quantity.

'Bookworm'



RAIL PRIVATISATION

BREL knell

AS SOON as the Tories had won the election, the announcement was made that shares in British Rail Engineering Ltd had plummeted from £10.54 to £1.91 — an 82 per cent devaluation.

The new share value for this disastrously-privatised company should have been announced *before* the general election, but, said chairman John Darby, "the position needed to be fully evaluated before the independent valuers could complete their work".

And lo, just six days after polling day, Mr Darby was able to announce the bad news which saw the value of his firm slump from more than £50 million to £9.5 million. This convenient delay neatly complemented the Government's forcing of British Rail and London Underground to make £40 million in advance payments to prop up vulnerable BREL just before the election (see *Eye* 792).

Also circulated just after the election was BREL's annual report. It revealed a loss of £41.6 million over the year to September 1991. Nevertheless, the report managed to project optimism from one person at least — Bo Södersten, chief executive since September. He wrote: "Currently we are managing our way out of a crisis brought about through the problems associated with the Class 158 trains."

This somewhat flippant statement seems to overlook that everything else the company has done since privatisation, besides building the 158, has been problematic. What happened to BREL, the company which previously turned out what were arguably the world's best trains in their day, was that it promised BR it could build the 158 — an over-ambitious design — in a fantastically short time. Normally, it would not have dared be so rash, but when the 158 tenders were invited privatisation was around the corner and the 158 contract *had* to be won to attract buyers.

What Mr Södersten should have written was: "Currently we are managing our way out of a crisis brought about through the problems associated with *privatisation*." As it stands, his statement is a slur on the 158; BREL's problems were not "associated with the Class 158 trains" — rather the 158 trains became associated with BREL's problems.

There is, however, one company which *is* now trying to manage its way out of "a crisis brought about through the problems associated with the Class 158 trains" and the crisis caused by BREL's privatisation bungle. That company is publicly-funded Regional Railways.

Branson pickle

HOWEVER long he lasts at transport, John "Brunel" MacGregor is assured of more than a footnote in railway history. His privatisation white paper, ghosted by ambitious under secretary Philip Wood and now in its eighth and final draft, will enable the Government to destroy the national rail system.

This will be achieved by replacing BR with a plethora of new bodies from whose names the prefix "British" is being dropped to make them sound fresher. There will be Rail (Trains) plc; Rail (Track) plc; Rail (Stations) plc; Rail (Clearing House) plc; and three regulatory bodies: Rail (Safety), Rail (Subsidies) and the Rail Complaints Commission.

Rail (Trains) plc will sell or if necessary give franchises to Richard Branson and an operation called Highwayman. But as these are the only two to have shown any real interest so far, enthusiasm will have to be drummed up by the new body. And who will front it?

Over to Philip Wood, who with a nice sense of irony has compiled a longish shortlist of fallen idols of the eighties (such as Clive Sinclair, Terence Conran, Godfrey Bradman, Ralph Halpern, Kit McMahon, John Gunn and Simon Jenkins, who knows all about railways as a former part-time BR board member). Wood reckons their reputations would not suffer too much if the whole thing proved a fiasco.

Market forces will prevail, which means that any rail services that private operators will not take on any terms will continue to be run by Rail (Trains) plc until they can be closed down. And private operators will enjoy plenty of flexibility: they will be free to vary any schedules if and when (at certain periods or on underused routes) it looks as if they will be insufficiently profitable.

Advance warning will of course have to be given to Rail Card holders and other regular rail users of changes in the validity of their tickets. Rail Card and season ticket holders will thus be invited to subscribe to a special cable TV service which will keep them up to date on timetable changes, details of competing services, and variations in Rail Card and other reduced price tickets, which will, of course, no longer be nationwide.

It is felt that most regular rail users will find the new TV service indispensable. In an effort to cheer them up, private train operators will be encouraged to provide their own lounges at stations (up to a third of the space at terminals is being made available for them). Crack business trains will be equipped with a "reasonable" number of hostesses, but there will be no restrictions on the supply of "top shelf" magazines. John MacGregor is apparently convinced that unless these revolutionary changes can, in Wood's words, be "vigorously pursued", the new free-for-all may not offer enough compensation for costing a lot more, being no better capitalised than BR and still being totally chaotic.

WATER SHORTAGES

Torrent of abuse

WHEN the hosepipe bans come into force and the standpipes appear on street corners, remember that this summer's drought will be primarily man-made.

Between 20 and 25 per cent of the water pumped out by private companies will leak from their network of ancient pipes into the ground before it ever reaches the paying customer. While the water has been processed and purified (more or less) at considerable expense, the valuable commodity will then pour out of pipes that are up to one hundred years old.

The problem could of course be cured dramatically; but that would cost money. And there is little incentive for the water companies to spend on repairs when their charges are the same, regardless of how much water they deliver to the consumers. Naturally, they would rather protect the bloated salaries they pay their chairmen and top executives, and the dividends of the shareholders.

One answer is to put "inner tubes" into the 12-inch pipes that are the large-bore carriers of water. Mains relining, as it is known, entails inserting a polyethylene tube into existing pipes. It is more expensive than some make-do-and-mend methods, such as using cement or mortar to stop up leaks, but it could be used on a much larger scale to cover most of the network of pipes and increase the amount of water available by between a fifth and a quarter.

It would require an emergency operation now — perhaps recruiting thousands of unemployed construction industry workers — but given the costs the water companies prefer to let customers go dry.

Thames Water, one of the companies likely to face the worst of the drought, says it has reduced water losses in two years from 27 per cent to 19.5 percent "and it is on the way down all the time". On a more extensive programme, the spokesman said: "There is one minor problem — money."

The Office of Water Regulations (Ofwat) favours metering in the south-east and claims this could reduce demand by up to 20 per cent because consumers would have an interest in stopping leaks in the pipes on their own land, from the mains stopcock into the house. Liana Stupples, water campaigner at Friends of the Earth, says that would be passing the buck by giving responsibility to the consumer. Other countries, she says, have reduced leakage to as little as 5 per cent with better controls and she wants Ofwat to be responsible for verifying the claims made by individual water companies and publishing the facts, company by company.

PRISONS

Death Row, Winson Green

DESPITE Britain's abolition of capital punishment, death by hanging is enjoying a startling revival at Birmingham's Winson Green prison where massive overcrowding is being solved by letting would-be suicides get on with it.

Between August and November last year three prisoners killed themselves. Recent inquests revealed that in each case the warders had been warned that the men were likely to try suicide.

Horace Boswell was found hanged in August just after starting a nine-year sentence — known to be the riskiest period. He had been placed in a strip cell in the hospital for close observation, but was left alone for most of the night and hanged himself with a plastic strip torn from a mattress. At his inquest fellow inmate Paul Gibson said that warders had told him to write to Boswell's family saying how every effort had been made to save Boswell.

Later in August warders were warned by prisoner Alan Lloyd that his cellmate Mark Dawson was suicidal. Dawson had already attempted suicide while in youth custody and was clearly mentally ill. The prison ignored that warning too and Dawson hanged himself with a sheet from the cell bars.

Just two months later David Taylor killed himself — this time with an overdose. He had been issued with lethal doses of three separate drugs by the prison's own hospital officers, despite warnings from his sister and probation officer that he was suicidal and despite a record of serious suicide attempts.

Taylor had been kicked out of the hospital wing and certified sane just two days before. The inquest into his death was startled to hear prison doctor Riaz-ul Haq tell how prisoners were often issued with drugs to be taken without supervision because of staff shortages.

Other deaths in recent years include Sattjan Singh Atwal — a class one suicide risk — who hanged himself in a cell after prison medical officers forgot to warn warders he was a danger to himself. And Keith Cooper hanged himself in 1986 just days after being transferred from Shrewsbury because he was considered such a potential suicide risk.

Perhaps the worst fate of all befell another mentally ill man, John Ryan. He died of dehydration after officers locked him in a strip cell in a 1987 summer heatwave without water. Before dying he was forced to drink his own urine.

PENSION NEWS

Q&A time for Qa

SIR JAMES ACKERS (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*), blundering chairman of West Midlands regional health authority, faces a pensions probe by the Commons select committee set up to investigate the Maxwell scandal.

Ackers is the failed businessman who cost 300 NHS staff their jobs when he sold the health authority's computer bureau to an incompetent management who ran up huge debts and went bust within two years. Now the committee is investigating why the staff lost not only their jobs but in many cases their pensions too.

Letters from ex-staff to the select committee say the hidden agenda of the sell-off was that the health authority wanted to cut back its bureau and contract out the remainder — but without paying redundancy.

Thus the sell-off, to directors who plundered assets in a champagne lifestyle and who in several cases quit with guaranteed pensions, was expected to lead to receivership with the health authority avoiding any liabilities. The staff have sent the committee documents showing how money flowed like water from the start of Qa's existence, with even directors' wives having company cars.

Role of honour...

THE saga of the Supergun and the arming of Iraq, via Jordan and Saudi Arabia, by "top people" in Britain continues to throw up some interesting characters.

SIR JOHN BOURN

SIR JOHN is now comptroller and auditor general, head of the National Audit Office. The office recently produced a long report on the Al Yamamah arms deals, finally signed by Margaret Thatcher and her then defence minister George Younger for the British Government in 1987.

The National Audit Office was asked by the Commons public accounts committee to investigate allegations that the Al Yamamah contract carried with it a series of grotesque commissions which enormously increased the price of the arms sold. One consistent rumour is that a Tornado jet, which normally retails for about £20 million, was selling for as much as £35 million, the difference going in commissions to middlemen in Saudi Arabia and Britain.

It is doubtful whether the National Audit Office has ever had a more important allegation to investigate, and several of its top staff were allocated to it. When Sir John finally submitted the report to the public accounts committee chairman Robert Sheldon, Labour MP for Ashton-under-Lyne, it was accompanied by desperate appeals from the main contracting company, British Aerospace, that it should not be published. After showing the report to his deputy chairman, Sir Michael Shaw MP, Sheldon agreed not to publish it.

Sir John Bourn is a former head of defence sales at the ministry of defence. Although he was not directly concerned with the Al Yamamah deal, he was a senior civil servant in the ministry throughout the long and tortuous negotiations which led to its final signing in 1987. In January 1988 he took up his new post at the National Audit Office.

In August 1988 Sir John accepted an invitation from Mr Stephan Kock, a former SAS man and adviser to the racialist government of Southern Rhodesia, who was then a non-executive director of an arms company called Astra. Kock invited the new auditor general to visit Astra's spanking new arms factory at Grantham, and Sir John accepted enthusiastically. He was flown to Grantham at Astra's expense by helicopter.

Quite why the comptroller and auditor general should visit an arms company in this way is not clear. Mr Christopher Gumbley, former chief executive of Astra, was asked this very question at the recent Commons trade and industry select committee inquiry into the Supergun affair. He replied:

"It was a way of flying the flag and letting people see what we had as a facility. I believe that particular visit was organised by General Isles [Maj Gen Donald Edward Isles, a former director general of weapons (army), with close contacts with military intelligence].

At this stage in the select committee inquiry, as so often, the committee chairman, Mr Kenneth Warren MP, intervened to get things in perspective:

Warren: *Can I be clear here: at the time of the visit Sir John Bourn was in the ministry of defence, not in his present position as auditor general?*

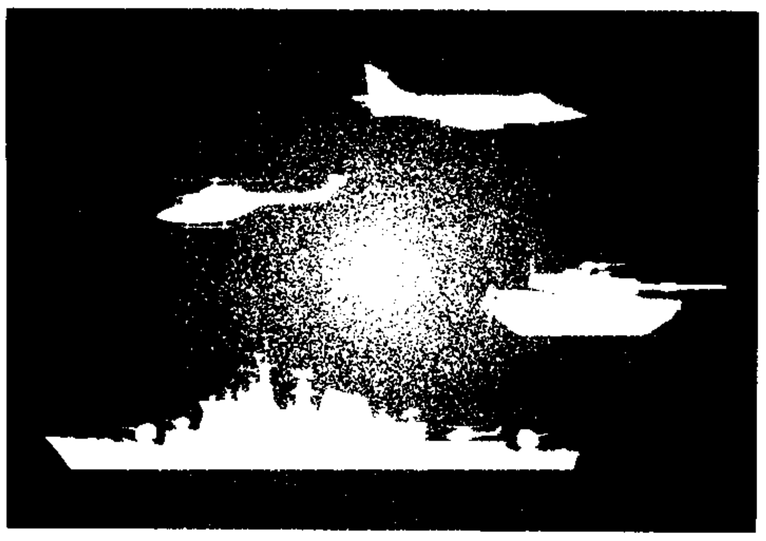
Mr Gumbley: *To be perfectly candid, I cannot remember.*

Warren: *Perhaps we ought to make this clear — I think you will find he was in the ministry of defence.*

Wrong. Sir John was comptroller and auditor general at the time of the visit. Perhaps because Mr Warren is such a stickler for accuracy (he wrote to the *Eye* the other day complaining about seven mistakes in one article), no one sought to put this blunder right and it still appears uncorrected in the published report.

MR STEPHAN KOCK

MR KOCK is the most important and influential figure in the entire Supergun/arms-for-the-Middle East affair.



When he joined the board of Astra, he was a consultant on "defence sales" to the Midland Bank, which had recommended him to Astra. Not long after he became a director, the Astra account was shifted to the Midland.

The bank's connections with "defence sales" were already close. From 1978 to 1985 Sir John Cuckney, chairman of IMS, the Government's defence sales office, was a director of the Midland. Sir John was also chairman of 3i, the investment company which eventually helped to pull the rug from the original directors of Astra, a move which led eventually to Astra's receivership. Midland was also closely involved with both companies which made the barrels for the Supergun — Walter Somers and Forgemasters. Mr S Twentyman [*sic*] Graham, a director of Forgemasters, was a former general manager of the Midland Bank.

Kock's unusual style surprised his new colleagues on the Astra board. He carried a gun and four times threatened to kill the company chairman, Gerald James. He lives in lonely Argyllshire, where he was recently convicted for firing a pistol over the heads of two men whose vehicle had broken down in the road and who, thought Mr Kock, might cause him unnecessary delay (Kock was convicted on a charge of discharging a firearm and fined £650).

Though he denied this in his evidence to the select committee, Kock constantly boasted of his friendship with the Thatcher family, especially the boy Mark. He also denied another witness's assertion that he had been in Baghdad in 1988 to negotiate an arms contract. He said he had never been in Baghdad (except at the airport) in his life, and the Midland Bank seemed to confirm that its much-vaunted consultant on international arms sales never travelled abroad on behalf of the bank.

Very soon after Astra took over the Belgian arms company PRB in 1989, the directors started investigating huge commissions paid on arms contracts. At once Kock started to argue for the sacking of the entire board (except himself). One by one they were picked off. Eventually Kock was left in sole charge and the company went rapidly downhill.

Members of the select committee were astonished at the official deference shown to this erratic and mysterious witness. When Christopher Gumbley arrived at the Commons to give evidence he was asked by a commissionaire if he was "the important witness coming today". No, apparently not. The important witness was Mr Kock.

Kock was assiduously flattered by chairman Warren, who told him: "You sound just the kind of non-executive director a lot of people ought to have." When Kock finished his evidence, Warren walked him down to his car. In the course of Kock's evidence, Warren announced, in unconvincingly jocular tones, that he, like Mr Kock, was a member of the Special Forces Club.

JONATHAN AITKEN MP

A CORRECTION and apology to Mr Aitken recently appeared on the front page of the *Independent*, even though neither Aitken nor his lawyers had asked for one.

The correction pointed out that Mr Aitken was not, as had been alleged, a director of a huge Saudi Arabian export/import company, but of its UK subsidiary, which he described as "an investment company". Mr Aitken was quoted as saying he was not involved in arms sales.

This assertion greatly surprised Mr Gerald James, former chairman of Astra, who was approached by Aitken in 1988. Aitken, who was a consultant to the Astra subsidiary BMARC, desperately wanted to be a main board director of Astra. When James asked what Astra would get in return, Aitken replied with an impressive list of his contacts in the royal family in Saudi Arabia whom, he said, could be useful for arms contracts.

Aitken then invited James for a week in Geneva where he contacted various influential members of the Saudi royal family, then staying at the Geneva Hilton. Astra, of course, was an arms company and the only possible reason for introducing Astra to the Saudi royals was to sell them arms.

FACT: Jonathan Aitken is now minister for defence procurement (arms sales) in nice Mr Major's government.

ANOTHER FACT: A huge slice (probably the majority shareholding) of another of Mr Aitken's former investment companies, Aitken Hume, is owned by Sifco, the company of Wafic Said, who helped Mrs Thatcher negotiate the Al Yamamah contracts for British Aerospace.

THE SAVOY MAFIA

THE FIRST mention at the trade and industry select committee hearings of something called the Savoy Mafia was made by Kenneth Warren, the committee chairman.

He asked Mr Gerald James about a group of important people who met regularly at the Savoy Hotel suite of Mr Alan Curtis, chairman of Lotus, to discuss arms sales, including the Al Yamamah contract. The exchange went like this.

Warren: *Who are the members of the Savoy Mafia?*

James: *Mr Richard Unwin was connected with the circle.*

There followed a brief discussion about Mr Unwin. Dr Keith Hampson, a Tory MP, then took up the questioning:

Question: *Sir James Blyth?*

James: *If you like, I will try to complete a list from any records I have got.*

Warren: *You are saying you would like time to compile a list and you will be able to give us a full list, which we can then publish if we want to.*

James: *Yes, if you want to.*

Mr James then wrote a detailed report on this matter to the select committee. Since it was never published, the *Eye* produces it in full.

"Q 2501: The Savoy Mafia: The expression did not appear in my evidence and Mr Warren drew attention to an article I knew nothing about. I do however know a little about the background.

The phrase is one I first heard from Richard Unwin who is I believe connected to this group of people.

The modus operandi appears to be that Alan Curtis had close connections with the Thatchers — Denis and Mark. He was in the habit of going to No 10 on a regular basis, usually at what they termed 'supper time' or late comings. It is my understanding he received information and briefings on an informal basis about matters related to defence. Curtis then organised meetings/lunches/dinners to further defence exports. These meetings involved senior Ministers like Younger and officials like Sir Colin Chandler and Sir Peter Levene. The influence of this unofficial group was I believe enormous. The persons most connected are: Alan Curtis, Steve Tipping, Mark Thatcher, Denis Thatcher, Wafic Said, Richard Unwin, Stephen Kock, Sir James Blyth, Viscount Monkton, Adam Faith. Others who were said to be closely connected were Sir John Cuckney, Professor Sir Roland Smith, Dick Evans, Dudley Eustace, Sir David Plaistow, Sir Colin Chandler, Sir Peter Levene, Alan Clark, Lord Trefgarne, D. Beattie, Colin Southgate, Nigel Ludd."

Perhaps the most surprising part of the letter was its ending: *Mr Warren's name has been mentioned to me in connection with this group also.*

Mr Warren and his committee decided not to publish this information which they had specifically asked Mr James to provide. The meticulous Mr Warren did, however, inform the committee that he had nothing to do with the Savoy Mafia.

In the City

WELL, WELL, well. It appears that the Anthony Schneider well known as a friend to Amber Day chairman Philip Green may indeed be the unloved money lender Tony Schneider well known to Scotland Yard.

A study of the Amber Day share register reveals that as at last November Eastcheap General Trading, Schneider's company, held 50,000 shares. Two months before it was recorded as having sold a further 16,666 shares. Amber Day was at that time on its way up from around 90p to hit a peak of 129p during November.

Eastcheap General Trading is the company Schneider has run and owned with his wife for many years. Through it he has provided financial assistance, be it on expensive terms, to those — such as the rag trade and casino devotees — suffering a temporary shortage of readies but who are out of luck with the high street banks.

Just why a man who has featured as a target criminal for Scotland Yard's organised crime squad — he was acquitted in the 1970s on charges concerning alleged pornography and extortion — should be investing in Green's company remains to be explained. What is certain is that he must be less than impressed with the performance of Amber Day shares which have fallen to 73p — depending, of course, on how many Eastcheap still owns.

Meanwhile Green has problems and no little embarrassment nearer home. A ladies fashion retail business in which his wife Tina is a director has collapsed. Harabels, which has a shop in Knightsbridge, went into administrative receivership on 29 April. There is speculation that debts could be up to £1.5 million.

Administrator Panos Eliades, well known in the rag trade and a next door neighbour of Roger Levitt, for whom he stood bail, has moved in. He was appointed by none other than Philip Green in his position as debenture holder. Green had put up money for the business which was secured by the debenture, only registered in January.

Harabels has been in business for 12 or more years. It is owned by a Netherlands Antilles company, Watling Holdings. Apart from Tina Green, its directors included Robert Palos. Green's wife of two years was formerly Christina Palos. As recently as 1989 when it lost £276,000, the company was dependent on its lenders to survive as liabilities exceeded assets by £377,000. How much creditors, including presumably Green, get back is very much open to question.

THE *Sunday Times*'s Jeff Randall, who picked Amber Day as his 1991 share of the year and sprang to Philip Green's defence in February at the time of a sustained bear raid which knocked the shares from 106p to 66p, has seemingly been greatly agitated by the reference in *Eye* 792 to Michael Ashcroft's golfing companions. Exactly why that should be is a complete mystery as he was not even mentioned.

WHILE MPs press for speedy action over the Maxwell pension fraud scandal and Kevin Maxwell passes the hat in a bid to start a new business life, the Serious Fraud Office (SFO) investigation is about to reach a crucial point.

Within the next few weeks the SFO is expected to decide whether or not to interview Kevin and Ian Maxwell, together with certain of their close associates, using the Section Two powers which remove the right to silence.

In preparation for that move the SFO and its accountants have been engaged in extensive number crunching, relying on not only the City police fraud squad investigations, but also those carried out by the assorted administrators probing the Maxwell wreckage. If the SFO uses its Section Two powers, as it did with Asil Nadir, then Kevin & Co would be forced to answer questions about their role in Cap'n Bob's pension pillaging and his deception of Swiss Bank Corporation and other too gullible bankers, not to mention the share support operations. The answers cannot be used against those quizzed unless they later depart from the version given under oath.

The advantage of this tactic is that it prevents the target of investigations — such as Kevin Maxwell for one — refusing to answer on the grounds of self-incrimination, as he did through his counsel before the Commons select committee earlier this year. It also saves investigative time by providing answers to questions which otherwise could require months of inquiries with no guarantee of success due to the information residing in foreign havens with banking or corporate secrecy.

The SFO has held up interviewing the Maxwells, at one time high on the agenda, until they were in full possession of the information available from the administrators. It also has to be mindful of the current legal challenges being made to uses of the Section Two powers and information compelled from witnesses under bankruptcy legislation in criminal prosecutions. Being a civil/company law expert, new director George Staple (one time lawyer to "Changi Jim" Slater who knew a thing or ten about share support) is not expected to favour any rush to judgment.

Nevertheless, and despite the view encouraged by the *Sunday Times*, early boosters of *les frères* Maxwell, of no decisions for "several months" it would be very surprising, especially given the growing political pressure for action, if well before the first anniversary in November of Cap'n Bob going over the side, Kevin Maxwell (with Ian and certain acolytes) does not become more preoccupied with staying out of the slammer than buying "intellectual property rights".

IT LOOKS increasingly as if Asil Nadir and his former company secretary John Turner will become the only ones to see the inside of a courtroom as a result of the SFO's Polly Peck investigation.

Interest in expanding the charge sheet to include Nadir's two happy helpers on the private company side, Jason Davies and Elisabeth Forsyth, seems to have evaporated. Former stockbroker Davies is still understood to be in Switzerland, while Forsyth now spends most of her time in Northern Cyprus where the rumours are that Asil will be returning soon.

Just why that should be so, given his bail restrictions, is less than clear — especially as Britain has no extradition treaty with a state it does not recognise.

VETERANS of the collapsed Parkfield group are less than enthusiastic about former executive Pieter Totte who has emerged as chief executive at Wharfedale, the loudspeaker maker favoured by Jim Slater. While not involved in the excesses of Paul Feldman and Roger Felber which did for Parkfield, they point to the less than trouble-free performance of the castings and wheels divisions over which Totte reigned.

SOMETIMES Mr Justice Henry must wonder whether the three years he devoted to the Guinness trials were really worthwhile.

Ernest Saunders had his justifiable five-year sentence halved by a gullible appeal court as too severe on the grounds of supposed irreversible pre-senile dementia. Maybe the judges should be medically examined as today he is out and about lecturing on how to be a successful manager, or perhaps that should be "manipulator"?

Roger Seelig drives round in his Porsche having been spared the waiting prison cell because it had all become too much for the sensitive merchant banker and may yet be in receipt of a large cheque to pay his legal costs. Now Lord Spens is to be allowed to appeal Henry's decision not to award him his costs when the Serious Farce Office abandoned its prosecution once Seelig had been let off the hook.

If Spens wins that case then it will only remain for ex-Guinness director Thomas Ward to successfully claim "abuse of process" to prevent his trial in September and the legal system will have proved once again that, with lone exceptions like Henry, there is one justice for the suits and another for the rest.

'Slicker'

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THIS HOUSE IS NOT UP FOR GRABS!
...SO IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RUBBER STAMP THIS TREATY...
...I CAN GET ON WITH THINGS!
MAASTRICT
Kent

Look Back in Anger. 1959/Dir. Tony Richardson.

Tony's career begins at the NFT this month. For the second time.

Director Tony Richardson had a career well worth repeating.

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By 1960 he'd made unforgettable contributions to British cinema in the shape of ***Look Back in Anger*** and ***Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.***

Within three more years he was winning an Oscar and worldwide recognition for his hedonistic portrait of ***Tom Jones.***

A full retrospective of his work runs throughout May at the National Film Theatre. *The* **Guardian** Event on Richardson's life features a panel with Vanessa Redgrave and a Special Preview of his last film ***Blue Sky,*** starring Jessica Lange and Tommy Lee Jones, on Sunday 31st May 1pm, NFT.

Don't miss it. *You* won't get a second chance.

For full details call the National Film Theatre Box Office on **071-928 1828.**

Richardson

bfi

National Film Theatre

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Quote:

"At the age of 16, he was banished by his father after he was found wearing his mother's underwear and was caught having sex with the grooms."
Francis Bacon's obituary in the *Independent*

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SPEECHWRITING — see EYE HELP.

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TOM: HERE IS a toast to our love and life! And to daring to be you and me. All my love, ROSIE.

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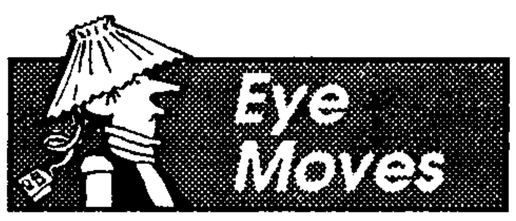

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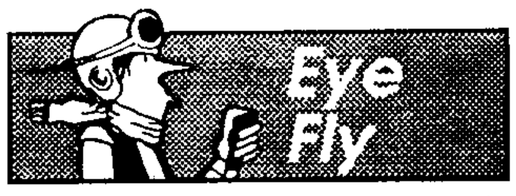

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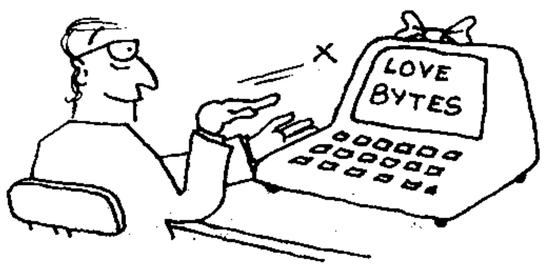

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ATTRACTIVE, ARTISTIC woman, 30s, seeks kind, cultured, amusing man under 50 for fun. Likeness to Lorenzo il Magnifico an advantage. Oxon. Box 7194

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TALL SOCIABLE female graduate, 39, own child, career, home, seeks confident kind caring male counterpart to share fun, friendship and possible permanence. Oxon. Box 10794.

ATTRACTIVE SINGLE male, 32, company director, educated, witty and articulate, seeks interesting and beautiful dark skinned female for adventure, dinner and love. Photo appreciated. London/home counties. Box 13094.

ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL, 45 year old man, 5'11", sense of humour, tied to much younger compliant partner who confesses her passions are now exclusively children and home, would like occasional meetings/weekends with woman of wider horizons and desires. London/Oxon. Box 7294.

GOOD-LOOKING, fit, 6' professional male, young 41 with introspective bald patch seeks attractive, gentle, humorous, intelligent female to explore life. (Leicester area). Box 7394.

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MALE, OXBRIDGE graduate, 22, seeks easy-going female (18-35). Photo appreciated. London/SE. Box 7694.

FAIR MAID(EN) sought by gallant, handsome knight (40). Good chain male but current lack of mount. London/South/Southwest. Box 7794.

HUMOROUS INTELLIGENT man (40) with sporting and cultural interests seeks attractive lady for uncomplicated relationship. London/South/Southwest. Box 7894.

DOUBLE ADULTERY: Attractive married man early 30's living in London seeks excitement of affair to add to otherwise happy life. If you are a married woman who feels the same then please write to me. It may be sin but it might be fun! Box 7994.

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ADVENTUROUS EXOTIC young beauty desires solvent single sexy businessman 45-60 for lasting affair/relationship. Telephone numbers essential. Box 8594.

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ATTRACTIVE, WARM and wealthy gentleman living France needs exclusive girlfriend to pamper and spoil on his London visits. Box 5393.

FEMALE, 35, married, attractive, foreign, seeks goodlooking gentleman under 45 for secret liaison. Photo appreciated. N. London. Box 13194.

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PANTHEISTIC OLD smoothy seeks female paragon to help pull down the stars now and then. Box 2494.

OXBRIDGE GRADUATE, 32, kind generous and successful, seeks intelligent and busy lady, 23-32, to fall in love with. Box 2594.

TWO STUDENTS seek young professional men for cultural enlightenment!!! Photo essential. Box 2694.

SUDDENLY AVAILABLE director aged 40, Midlands or North, seeks younger lady to restore life and to pamper. Single parent welcome. Telephone 0472 340396 extension 210 office hours.

MID 40s/50s MALE? Reached the back of Eye again then! Well, I'm female and I've got all I need too (friends, security, etc) except perhaps — you? Why not reply with photo. Box 2794.

INTELLIGENT PROFESSIONAL male, 39, single, n/s, seeks female equivalent for laughter and love. W. Midlands. Box 2894.

ATTRACTIVE STALLION (25) own paddock and horsebox seeks spirited filly for canters and candle-lit grazing. This could be more than just a three-day event! Newcastle/Northumbria. Box 2994.

BLESSED WITH WIT, joie-de-vivre, style, looks, charisma — this female lacks only modesty, malice and male with life and luminescent brainbox. (30 to 45) S. Coast/London. Box 3094.

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CONTINENTAL LADY, London, cultured, warm, spontaneous, adaptable, tall, attractive, would like mid-fifties male companion to find together Spring in Autumn. Box 10193.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, slim, fit, 34 year old male seeks slim young lady to share lives, business, interests and pleasure together. My sign says this is the time! Does yours? Box 3493.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 44, respectable, honest, wealthy, reasonable appearance, comfortable London home, country family commitments, seeks caring, stable, sexual relationship with intelligent lady of any age or status. Box 5893.

PROFESSIONAL MALE 45, seeks intelligent, petite, aerobically trim woman to share North Yorks weekend cottage and ultimately his Leeds-based life. Photo and witty CV secures reciprocal reply. Box 3294.

STILL CRAZY after all these years. Male 48 divorced 5'6", sense of humour and overdraft facilities still intact, seeks potential mate Surrey/Hants borders. Must love bed and badinage. Should like/tolerate books, pubs, bridge, horses and curry. Box 3394.

CAREER WOMAN seeks nice romantic man, 30s, to soften her up. Likes cinema, country (no hills!) and men who make her laugh. Tyneside. Box 3594.

PISCES MALE 50, tall, attractive, energetic, divorced, semi-retired, spends much time enjoying life, playing golf, bridge, skiing, following the sun, wants intelligent affectionate female (30-50) for friendship/marriage. Must be gorgeous/glamorous, London/SE. Recent photo and letter. Box 3694.

INTELLIGENT, PROFESSIONAL female, single, 30, n/s, seeks male equivalent, 25/35, for fun and romance. Sense of humour essential. Staffs. Box 4894.

FRUSTRATED FEMALE seeks unusual intelligent man, East Anglia, 20-30. Box 4994.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE female, 28, seeks romantic, n/s male, 28-35, to share summer and maybe autumn, winter and spring with. Sense of humour and honesty essential. Hampshire. Box 5094.

HANDSOME DISCREET sensuous male seeks unfulfilled lady. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 5194.

FEMALE, 40, seeks intelligent caring conversation-loving culture-seeking funny man to share future together. Box 5294.

ATTRACTIVE TALL late thirties guy living in West Country seeks midweek fun with similar minded woman. Box 3894.

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PROFESSIONAL SINGLE man, 29, slim 5'6½", seeks similar, sincere young lady, non-smoker, for friendship/love/lasting relationship. Photo please (returnable). Birmingham/Midlands. I'm here, are you out there? Box 8694.

LOVE(R)
needed.
Gatsby. Box 6994.

LONDON PROFESSIONAL male, 55, youthful, divorced, relaxed, not proving anything, seeks mutually rewarding relationship. Might suit married lady with tight timetable or any lateral thinker. Box 3994.

AMAZING WOMAN, romantic, mad, bright, blonde 30, seeks brilliant, exciting, wealthy, artistic, truly wicked man for life (weekend to start). Photo please. Box 4094.

ROMANTIC ENGLISH guy currently working in S. Arabia, 28, fairly good looking and amiable, into travel, art and laughter, seeks attractive girl 20-30 for friendship, French hols in September, and hopefully much more. Please DO write, with photo if poss. ALA. Box 4194.

ATTRACTIVE UNATTACHED upmarket blonde lady (44) seeks older sincere man to share humour/companionship. Box 4294.

ATTRACTIVE WIT seeks temporary solace with eligible bachelor. Box 4394.

PRETTY "RUBENESQUE" woman, 34, humorous, educated, conversable, seeks attractive sensual man, professional (unencumbered) to unwind with, and hopefully more. Photo please. London. Box 4494.

ATTRACTIVE, COSMOPOLITAN, reluctantly professional damsel (43, recently divorced) yearns for rescue by romantic knight without too many rustspots. He is interesting and wealthy. She will look after the rest, town and country. Persuade me, please! SE/London. Box 4594.

RED-HEADED RAPUNZEL sought by graduate male (31). Freckles an asset! Midlands. Box 4694.

CYNICAL MALE, 35, fearing impending sell-by date seeks lady for fun, rejuvenation, adventures. London/Home Counties. Letter, photo. Box 4794.

JUST TURNED 30... very attractive fit intelligent easy-going girl (woman!?) seeks similar man, aged 27-38. Sense of humour essential. London/S.East. Box 5494.

LADY, TALL, slim, attractive, 50ish, n/s, single, enjoys theatre, music, travel, wining, dining, seeks gentleman with similar qualifications to lighten social life. Berks, Bucks, Oxon preferred. Box 5594.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, cultured, sexy young lady (26), likes conversation, music, cats and good food, seeks worthwhile male company, 6 ft+, 28-35, emotionally and financially solvent. London/Surrey. Photo please. Box 5694

IS THERE A normally virtuous but occasionally naughty bored housewife or s/employed who would like to meet usually daytime, sensual male, 51, 6'2", good looking, experienced, successful, sympathetic, good listener, for discreet friendship and fun? Oxford or London. Box 5794.

PROFESSIONAL MAN seeks mistress. I am successful, married, personable Oxbridge educated, scholarly, well travelled, with exceptionally wide interests. You too are educated, intellectual and unconventional. We are 50+, discreet, and randy with no hang-ups. Central north or west London if possible but can travel. Box 9194.

GOOD LOOKING man with frigid wife seeks attractive lady for discreet (for both) passionate affair daytime or weekends. N.W. Tel or address to Box 9294.

I'M NO CHIPPENDALE! Genuine male 54 5'8" medium build, bald pated, hairy chinned, seeks female for discreet fun affair. Box 9394.

REBELLIOUS SEMI-POOR boy seeks moderate rich girl. Box 9494.

ATHLETIC, ATTRACTIVE phoenix, 45, offers love, laughter and a tower of strength (emotional) to intelligent goddess, 25-40, interesting in sharing his rise from the ashes. ALA. Photo appreciated. S.Yorks. Box 9594.

I SIMPLY WANT to meet an articulate, intelligent, possibly attractive female. I'm 41, male, single, normal, professional and will take it from there. Midlands. Box 9694.

WIFE WANTS second motor, day trips, Yorkshire. Trim bodywork, immaculate upholstery, high mpg with fuel-injection, motel garaging. 40+ classic: no mere bangers. Write for MOT test. Box 9794.

MALE, 20, seeks attractive n/s female, 17+. Photo please. N/W-ish. Box 9894.

I, MALE (38) tall slim professional. You, probably 25-40, preferably slim(ish), definitely female, with sense of humour. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box 9994.

COMPLETELY IRRESISTIBLE man, 28, seeks gorgeous, provocative, intelligent female wonder. No jigsaw puzzles, anoraks or Guardian readers. Midlands - but travels well. Box 10094.

UNATTACHED ATTRACTIVE lady seeks non-smoking educated gentleman 40-55 for lasting relationship. North West. Box 3794.

HANDSOME HUMOROUS but unhappily married male, 27, seeks occasional escape with bored older woman. Earthquakes and discretion assured. Box 5394.

INTRIGUING, AMBITIOUS, professional male, 31, good-looking, easy-going, reliable, enterprising (own business) and very funny, seeks pretty, very interesting, worldly-wise, unpretentious, quietly confident, intelligent, feminine woman, 24-30. Photo please. Box 8794.

DON QUIXOTE seeks windmilless. Large sails welcome. Tilt! Box 8894.

UNSULLIED MALE, 23, subsistence labourer seeks rough equivalent female veg? artistic? Middx. Box 8994.

TALL SLIM successful gentleman, 42, seeks attractive sensual young lady for discreet fun diversions. London. Box 9094.

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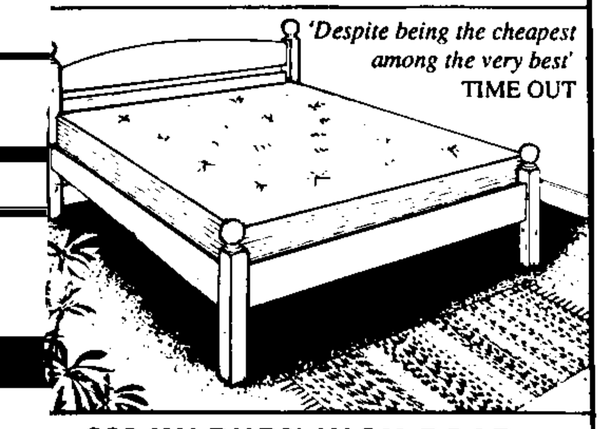

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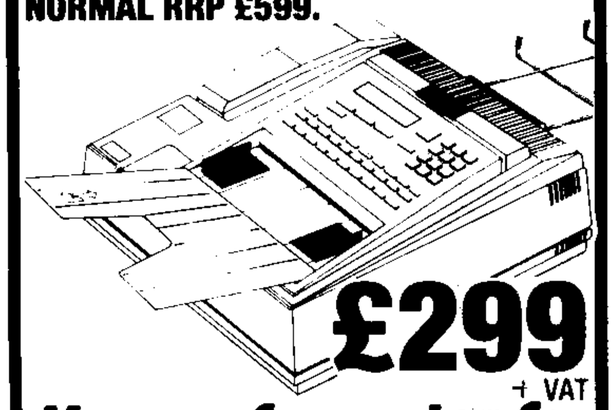

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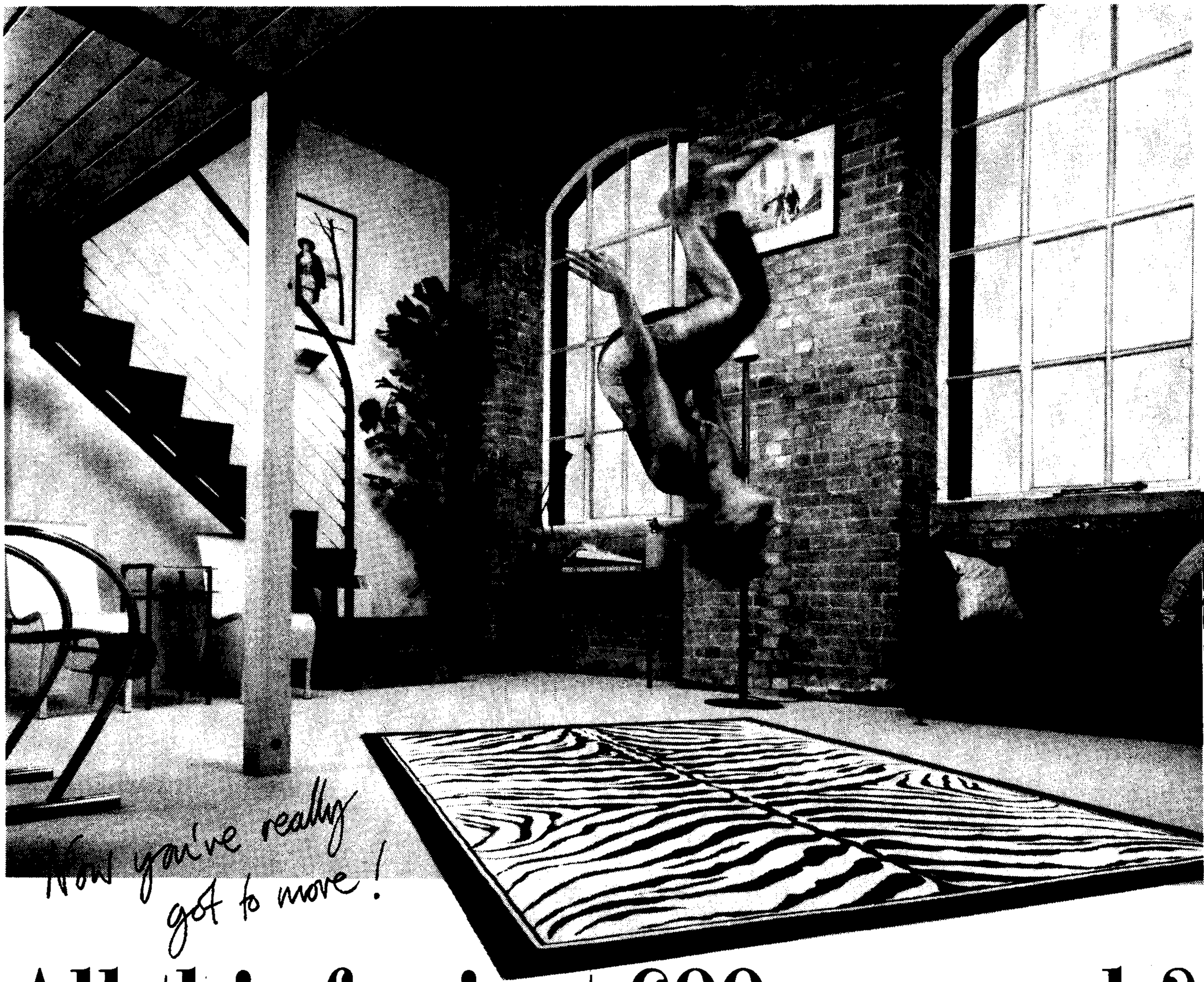

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